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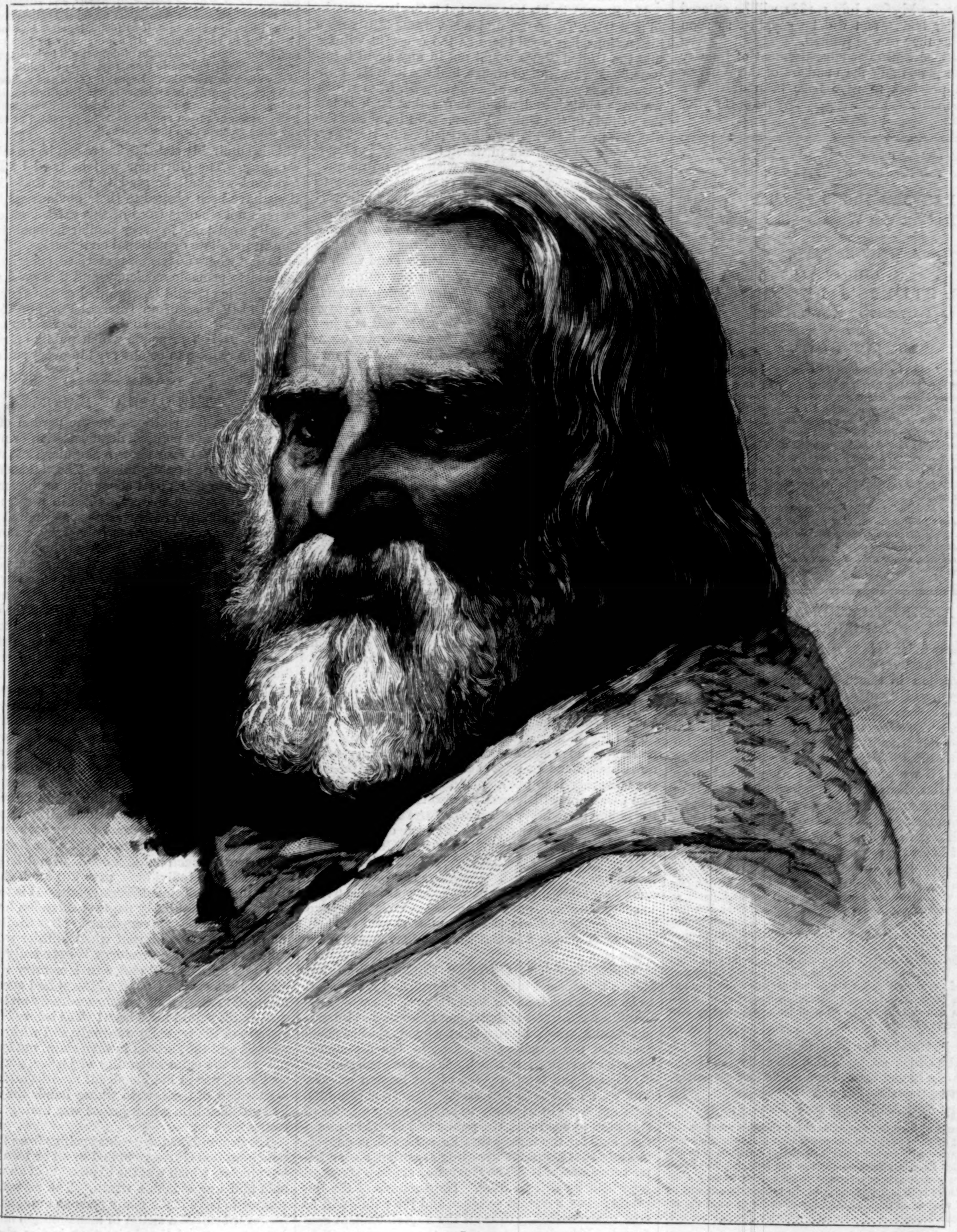

Henry W. Longfellow.

DRAWN BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER.—[SEE PAGE 214.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, April 8, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers beg leave to state that all orders for the back numbers of Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazar, and Harper's Magazine, previous to January, 1878, should be sent in before July 1, 1882. After that date it is their intention to preserve back numbers of their periodicals for three years only.

Orders received before July 1, 1882, will be entered on their order books, and will be supplied as soon after July 1 as they can be printed.

In accordance with their advertisement of January 31, 1880, the plates and the numbers of the Weekly and Bazar previous to 1870 have been destroyed, and they therefore can not supply any numbers prior to that time.

This weekly is the model youth's paper of the world.—Zion's Herald, *Boston.*

Four Cents a Number; $1 50 a Year.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

A NEW SERIAL,

ENTITLED

"MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER,"

A SEQUEL TO "TOBY TYLER,"

BY

MR. JAMES OTIS.

No. 127, *issued April* 4, *contains the opening chapter of a new serial story by* Mr. James Otis, *whose popularity as a writer of fiction for young readers is not exceeded by that of any other author. The hearty delight afforded by his story of "Toby Tyler; or, Ten Weeks with a Circus," has made his name a household word in thousands of families.*

During the months that have intervened since the conclusion of Mr. Otis's *last story, "Tim and Tip; or, The Adventures of a Boy and a Dog," the* Messrs. Harper *have received scores of letters from little people inquiring when they might look for another story from his pen.*

"Mr. Stubbs's Brother" will be found to contain all the elements of novelty and brilliant incident that invested "Toby Tyler" with such interest, while the hero himself is in disposition, intelligence, and mirth-provoking qualities even more fascinating and attractive than his late relative, whose untimely end caused the boys and girls such sincere grief.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND SOUTH AMERICA.

The correspondence between the Secretary of State and Mr. Trescott shows that the government has taken a position in South American affairs which must be approved by all who do not think that we ought to settle the quarrel between Chili and Peru as we choose. The alternative is simple. Either we may proffer our friendly offices, if we think the proposed negotiations to be reasonable, or we may dictate a settlement, if we think that our interests authorize us to enforce our demands by the strong hand. There is no middle ground. We must be friend or dictator. It is to this precise point that the Secretary of State addresses himself in his dispatch to Mr. Trescott of the 24th of February:

> "The President thinks the United States has no right, either by treaty stipulations or by public law, to impose on the belligerents unasked its views of a just settlement, and it has no interest at stake commensurate with the evils that might follow an interference which would authorize it to interpose further than warranted by treaties or public law, or by the voluntary acts of both parties. The President will not take part in negotiations which are based upon both the surrender of Tarapaca and the payment of a large indemnity. We aim to be regarded as a disinterested friend and counsellor of the republics, but we do not assume to impose our wishes upon them, or to act as arbitrator or umpire in their disputes, unless moved to it by the wish of both parties or by controlling interests of our own."

That is a just and clear statement of the proper attitude of the United States in this difficulty. It is the true spirit of a becoming and honorable foreign policy, whether it be "spirited" or not.

Secretary Frelinghuysen says, frankly:

> "To demand of Peru the surrender of the valuable province and the payment of $20,000,000 in ten years, with a disorganized government, provinces in anarchy, and a despoiled territory, is to ask for that which Peru in all probability can not render. The President can not permit this government to be a party to such a demand. If there is to be no modification in those terms, it will be the part of wisdom in Chili to carefully consider to what the refusal may lead."

Here is no abandonment of regard for the honor of the government or of the possible claims and rights of American citizens; and in considering the various alternatives of the situation, the Secretary says of the possibility of Chili's taking from Peru what it wishes, and then leaving the despoiled country to its fate:

> "If it were practicable, Chili could not justify herself before the world, and in any event, should it eventuate in the occupation and absorption, without the assent of Peru, of territory whose productions are pledged to creditors of that power, this could not be done without raising grave questions in the future of Chili, which the United States, as a friend of that energetic and industrious people, would wish to have avoided."

And he reverts to the same point at the close of his dispatch:

> "If Chili insists on retaining any of the territory whose products are or may be claimed by creditors of Peru as mortgaged or hypothecated, or in any other way made the basis of a loan, the President is not willing to involve the United States in the complications which might ensue. He prefers to reserve to this government the full right to determine what its action shall be should such complications hereafter arise."

In the firmest and most courteous manner Chili is apprised that if her settlement with Peru should involve the rights of citizens of the United States, she will have to settle with the United States also. It is certainly not necessary to say more, and it is certainly desirable to say this courteously.

Mr. Blaine, in his late reported interview, remarked that "Mr. Trescott, under Mr. Frelinghuysen's instructions, has stood there as the constant witness that the United States would not in any event intervene." Mr. Blaine, of course, had not seen Mr. Frelinghuysen's dispatch of February 24, from which we have quoted, and which shows that such is not the attitude of the United States. But he quotes the dispatch in which his own instructions to Mr. Trescott were revoked, and in which Secretary Frelinghuysen says: "The President wishes in no manner to dictate or make any authoritative utterance to either Peru or Chili as to the merits of the controversy existing between those republics, as to what indemnity should be asked or given, as to a change of boundaries, or as to the *personnel* of the government of Peru. The President recognizes Peru and Chili to be independent republics, to which he has no right or inclination to dictate." In the later dispatch, without inconsistency with this statement, the Secretary says the President's opinion of a wise settlement is a just money indemnity, guaranteed by a temporary occupation of territory. But this is in no offensive sense "an authoritative utterance." Chili is at perfect liberty to regard it or to disregard it. The United States will not dictate. But Chili is reminded of complications that may arise from a rigorous policy, and complications in which citizens of the United States may have an interest. It follows that if Mr. Trescott has signed the protocol that has been published, he has transcended his authority.

GOVERNOR CORNELL'S LETTER TO SUPERINTENDENT BAKER.

Governor Cornell's letter to Mr. Baker, the new Superintendent of Prisons, has occasioned a great deal of comment. The point of the criticism is that if he had been in earnest to take the prisons out of politics, he would not have appointed a politician as Superintendent. This is a point not easily turned. Reform depends upon good faith. The rules now enforced at the Custom-house are the same that were supposed to have been in practice ten years ago. But at that time they were not intended to be enforced in their spirit, and they served merely to make abuse easier. In the case of the State-prison Superintendent, unluckily, the presumption is against good faith. To confide to the new Superintendent reform of the kind mentioned by the Governor is to put a child to its enemy to nurse. The Governor will remember also that the reason of the public incredulity of actual reform during the last few years is the discrepancy between official manifestoes and performances. President Grant issued an executive order forbidding political assessments. But it was not enforced. President Hayes published an order prohibiting certain kinds of political activity to office-holders. But it was disregarded. These two orders largely shared the fate of that of President Harrison, which was aimed at similar abuses forty years ago.

When, therefore, Governor Cornell, who has shown no especial interest in reform, and is supposed to be somewhat familiar with the practices which demand reform, urges reform upon Prison-Superintendent Baker, who is known chiefly by his skill in those practices, the situation becomes, in the diplomatic phrase, exceedingly strained. We have even seen an allusion to the familiar case of the Roman augurs. But we do not take this view. Governor Cornell does not seem to us likely to have written a letter of this kind to hoodwink the public and divert its attention, and for the reason that he is sagacious enough to know that instead of diverting attention, such a letter concentrates it. The Governor erects a standard by which he will be tried. He demands of the Superintendent a certain conduct, and the public will be sure to watch closely to see if the Superintendent conforms. If he does not conform, the Governor will be held responsible. His letter makes political abuse of appointments and removals in the prisons much more difficult by involving his own reputation in them. He can not see his plain and precise directions neglected without calling the Superintendent peremptorily to account, or being condemned as his accomplice in an abortive attempt at public deception.

Governor Cornell's letter is simple, direct, and clear. After quoting the Constitution and the laws regulating the prison management, he says:

> "Nothing can be plainer than that the Superintendent is thus admonished carefully to avoid all political considerations in the conduct of prison affairs, and it is my settled purpose to see that such course be faithfully and honestly pursued, both in the letter and spirit of the law. From this time forth the prisons will be expected to be managed on a strictly business basis, regarding solely economical maintenance, thorough discipline, regular and orderly direction of prison industries, and the safe-keeping, health, and general well-being of the convicts."

This is, of course, an implication of political management upon the part of Mr. Pilsbury, which will make scrutiny of Mr. Baker only more searching. So in regard to the terms of subordinates:

> "Inasmuch as no specified term of service is prescribed, and it being obvious that experience promotes the efficiency of competent officers, it must be supposed that these officials are to hold during good and acceptable service. You will make no inquiry as to the political faith of any subordinate, but will simply satisfy yourself whether he be competent, honest, and attentive to duty, and thus suitably adapted to render useful and satisfactory service to the State, in which case, if so found, he must be continued, at his option, in employment. If, however, any be found incompetent, intemperate, or neglectful of duty, it will be incumbent on the proper authority to remove them, regardless of political, personal, or any other consideration. Except for good and sufficient cause, satisfactorily proved, the arbitrary removal of prison officials should and must henceforward cease. Under no circumstances will the manipulation of prison appointments be permitted or excused on any other grounds than those stated."

This is admirably stated. There can be no misunderstanding. The Governor will be tried by his own test, and we shall be glad to record that his directions have been obeyed in their obvious spirit. But there is not a single word of this extract which is not equally applicable to every similar non-political position in the State or national civil service. The principle that where no term is prescribed, experience must be held to promote efficiency, and that good and efficient service should be regarded as the tenure, is as sound in the case of an Internal Revenue Collector, like Mr. Van Horn, as in that of the warden of a State Prison. It is a principle which public opinion will presently require to be observed in every such branch of the service.

THE CASE OF MASON.

Whether the petitions for the pardon of Mason are intended as a political demonstration or not, there is no doubt that they show a singular state of moral confusion in the public mind. The statement of the case ought to be its own conclusive argument. In a community whose sole safety lies in respect for law and condemnation of lawlessness, a criminal who has violated law in the most appalling way, committing a most cruel, causeless, and ghastly crime, is in process of legal trial. It is a civilized and not a barbarous community. It holds every man to the law. It acknowledges no private right of murder, no Judge Lynch, no riotous massacre. It intrusts the criminal to a body of guardians especially organized to enforce the observance of law, and to protect against private murder and assault even the greatest of criminals, that no man may be treated like a wild beast, and one of that very body attempts to destroy him. In so doing he betrays a double trust: first, that of a good citizen of the community bound to uphold the due process of law; and second, that of a citizen especially deputed from the rest to protect that process against invasion. To kill a prisoner confided to his care upon the field of battle is one of the worst offenses of which a soldier can be guilty. But for a soldier, or a jailer, or a policeman, to attempt to forestall justice and law by endeavoring to murder a prisoner whom he is set to protect, is a crime against civilization itself.

To ask that such an offender shall not be punished is to ask that individuals may kill at their pleasure those that they think deserve death. It is to ask that if there be a peculiarly flagrant offender, he shall be abandoned to private vengeance. It is to allow every man to decide for himself when murder would be a beneficent act. As President White truly says, it is to make murder still easier in a country where it is already too easy. Suppose Mason had succeeded in killing Guiteau, what an extraordinary and shameful situation it would have been! The beloved Chief Magistrate of the republic wantonly and wickedly assassinated, and the assassin in turn slain, not by the law, not with the calm solemnity of justice, not upon the spot even, nor in hot blood, but months afterward, by a guardian of the law, to whose hands the law itself had confided him while justice was taking its lawful course!

The demand for the pardon springs from the feeling which wanted Guiteau boiled in oil or torn with red-hot pincers, which was the expression of an ungovernable and unreasonable wrath. The assassin's crime seemed to have made many persons murderous. But however beloved a victim of assassination may be, and however natural the desire that justice shall not be delayed, and that retributive punishment shall be swift and decisive, a thousandfold more important than the life of any citizen, whatever his station and importance, is the maintenance of reverence for law and its processes, which are the safeguards of liberty and the bulwarks of civilization. It is no plea that Guiteau was a dastardly wretch who has done infinite mischief. Illegal violence to criminals always has a plausible plea. Justice had not miscarried. The law was in process of enforcement. There was not even the excuse that he was likely to escape punishment, for the trial was not concluded. If soldiers and policemen should shoot those whom they think that public opinion has condemned, they would do what the petitioners ask that Mason may be pardoned for doing.

THE NEWBURGH CENTENNIAL.

The year 1783 saw great events of the Revolution at Newburgh, upon the Hudson, in this State, and the citizens of that city propose to conclude the series of centennial celebrations by appropriate observances. The Hudson is the most famous of rivers associated with our Revolutionary history. The contest for its possession and control was the decisive conflict of the war, and the chief events of that period which belong to the history of the river are all of a peculiarly national importance, and their commemoration may properly invoke national aid and participation. Those events were of very different kinds, for they are the surrender of Burgoyne, the treason of Arnold, the sublime service of Washington in refusing the crown and in successfully opposing the disposition of the army to usurp the government, the proclamation of peace, and the disbanding of the army. Newburgh was the scene of the events which demonstrated the essential greatness of Washington. It was here that he showed his superiority to Cromwell and Napoleon. Yet in our Revolutionary annals the proportional significance of these events has been somewhat overlooked.

It was in May, 1782, after the surrender of Cornwallis had followed that of Burgoyne, when active hostilities had largely ceased in the North, and Sir Guy Carleton had succeeded Sir Henry Clinton in command at New York, and was disposed to peace, that the torpor and neglect of Congress, and the suffering of the army then at Newburgh, and the universal doubt and uncertainty as to the form of general government which was to replace the monarchy, led to the proposal of a virtual crown to Washington. His instant and amazed and admirable refusal did not at once allay the dangerous dissatisfaction of the army with the prospect. But conscious of the feeling, knowing how far it was justified, and deeply apprehensive of the result, Washington made the most earnest representations to Congress, but in vain. The next year came the Armstrong letters—a proposal passionate, eloquent, and plausible, for the army to march upon Philadelphia, and practically to take possession of the government.

How firmly and wisely and sympathetically, how, without alienating the affection of the army, Washington withstood this desperate design, saving the "cause of human nature" and the army from itself, every student of Revolutionary history remembers with glowing reverence for the greatest of Americans and of heroes. No incident during all the contest was more important, none more richly deserves the amplest and most splendid commemoration. These events, and the disbanding of the army, which practically took place at Newburgh, combine to make "Washington's headquarters" at that place one of the most precious of Revolutionary shrines, and the committee of citizens of Newburgh and the neighborhood promise that a fair part of the expense shall be borne by that community, but ask Congress and the State to assist in paying the cost of a due observance of the centenary of the closing events of the war. It is peculiarly a national occasion, and the request is not unreasonable. The same patriotic impulse which authorizes aid to Revolutionary monuments will doubtless plead eloquently and persuasively for the aid asked to secure a proper celebration at the Newburgh headquarters.

THE TROUBLE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

We recently alluded to the dismissal of three professors from the University of Nebraska, which has naturally produced a great deal of excitement in Lincoln and in the State. The statement of the professors is that they were not informed of any charges, nor confronted with their accusers, nor allowed any chance of explanation, but were peremptorily dismissed with a stigma upon their good names. They assert that the removal was effected by a vote of less than the majority of the Regents, and that the real reasons for the dismissal have been concealed under a charge of irreligious opinions. Ten leading citizens of Lincoln strongly condemned the dismissal, for reasons stated by them in a local journal, and their views have been sustained by other papers in the State.

To this statement and to that of the professors two responses have been sent to us on behalf of the Regents. One is a paper signed by a hundred or more citizens of Lincoln sustaining the authorities. It asserts that the allegation of the ten citizens is arrant nonsense; that its "ear-marks are plain," and betray its author; that not more than two of the ten had read the paper before signing it, and that two of those who did sign have "recanted." But the tone and style of this rejoinder deprive it of weight, and it professes to state no new facts respecting the removal.

The other paper is from a citizen of Lincoln, C. G. Bullock. Mr. Bullock enumerates twenty "well-known facts," beginning the statement of each with the phrase, "It is well ascertained," or "It is well known." Of these "facts" twelve have relation to opinions about religious observances and temperance, four relate to insults alleged to have been offered to the Chancellor and Regents, two charge injustice and faulty methods upon one of the expelled professors, one is an assertion of the incompetency of one of the professors, and one a declaration that many students have been withdrawn from the university because of "the understood immoral and anti-religious influence of these men." It is obvious from this recital that there is great bitterness of feeling upon both sides, and consequently probable misrepresentation. It is not a subject that we propose to pursue further, but some personal knowledge prevents our belief of the incompetency or immoral character at least of all the professors concerned, and we can only repeat our remark that a State university supported by the public money should demand no religious tests either of pupil or teacher.

JUMBO AND ALICE.

As Jumbo is the coming elephant, and as there has been great lamentation that he is to be separated from his elephantine spouse, Alice, the partner of his joys and sorrows at the "Zoo," it is very agreeable to hear from Mr. Barnum that the spouse is to join him in this country, and that meanwhile "he will associate with a dozen or more blushing elephantine damsels, who would surely cause Alice to be violently jealous were it not a fact that the 'green-eyed monster' is seldom if ever tolerated among dumb animals." With lofty pride Mr. Barnum also remarks that "elephants are never sick at sea, and Jumbo is provided with ample space in the best portion of the great steam-ship *Assyrian Monarch*—displacing over two hundred steerage passengers. Jumbo's attendants are eleven in number, and all his surroundings are royal and luxurious. As a matter of self-interest, if we had no higher motive, Jumbo will always be royally treated and cared for by my partners and myself."

But the romantic feeling for Jumbo must not deceive us. When he had been secured by Mr. Barnum for a handsome price, the directors of the "Zoo" sardonically said that he was so dangerous that Mr. Barnum might have had him for nothing. That this was not a mere tub to the whale of British indignation at his departure appears from a letter of the superintendent of the Garden to the directors, which was written on the 14th of December, 1881, and as we understand, before Jumbo was sold. The letter is as follows, and intending courtiers at Jumbo's levees may wisely ponder it:

"I have for some time past felt very uncomfortable with reference to this fine animal, now quite or nearly quite adult, and my fear of him is also entertained by all the keepers, except Matthew Scott, who is the only man in the Gardens who dare enter this animal's den alone. I have no doubt whatever that the animal's condition has at times been such that he would kill any one (except Scott) who would venture alone in his den, but up to the present time Scott has had, and still has, the animal perfectly and completely under his control. How long this state of things may continue it is quite impossible to say. At the same time, I consider that the matter is of so serious a nature that I feel called upon to draw the attention of the council to the subject, for in the event of illness or accident to the keeper (Scott), I fear I should have to ask permission to destroy the animal, as no other keeper would undertake the management of this fine but dangerous beast.

"In conclusion, I may ask that I should be provided with, and have ready at hand, the means of killing this animal should such a necessity arise. A. D. Bartlett.

"*December* 14, 1881."

SAFETY ON THE ELEVATED RAILROADS.

The recent accidents upon the elevated roads in New York should remind the management that the most unremitting vigilance is indispensable. The conductor has command of the train, and until he pulls the cord the train does not move. The cord should not be pulled until the gate of the car platform is closed, and as nobody tries to step on against a closed gate, there would then be no need of pushing passengers off or pulling them on. Passengers who are leaving the car may be sometimes provokingly deliberate. But however exasperating their deliberation, the conductor must endure it, and not try to hasten the departing passenger by starting the train.

One really great catastrophe upon the elevated roads would be a serious shock to the community, from which the roads would suffer irreparably. The collision on the Sixth Avenue road the other day showed that the side guards of the rails are small defense against the tipping of the cars. One of the cars would have fallen to the street below except for a friendly telegraph pole or other obstruction, against which it lodged and leaned.

It is undoubtedly true that in view of the immense number of passengers incessantly carried upon the roads, injuries and fatal accidents have been few. But eternal vigilance is the price of success. Even a few casualties excite uneasiness, and the shocking death of the little girl a few days since awakened a great deal of feeling.

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The bill known by this number in the New Jersey Senate has become infamous throughout the country. It gives to great railroad corporations the complete control of the most important and valuable water-front in the State, and it was promptly vetoed by the Governor, amid general applause and approval. But the power which had been able to press the bill through the Legislature was not to be easily repulsed, and it addressed itself to secure the passage of the grant over the veto.

It was a proverb thirty and forty years ago that New Jersey was the State of Camden and Amboy. It has never ceased to be true that the great railroad corporations have played an overpowering part in the politics of the State. Men of the highest official position have been designated as agents of this or that railroad, and it was not to be supposed that any means would be spared to compass success in securing control of the vast advantage of the water-front.

Having laid all its plans, and carefully "counted noses," the railroad interest called up the bill to push it against the veto. Eager and confident, it was hurrying the passage, when a member arose and presented a paper, which proved to be his sworn affidavit that he had been offered $1000 to vote for the bill to pass over the veto, and that $500 had been paid to him, which he held at the disposition of the House, and he incidentally mentioned that the agent of the railroad corporations had intimated that they were paying only $500 for votes, except when the voters were also paid attorneys of the roads! It is such facts as these which are rapidly persuading intelligent persons that the question of anti-monopoly is not a mere political "gag," and that some kind of Railroad Commission in the interest of the whole community is absolutely necessary.

PERSONAL.

Young Prince Leopold, the most scholarly of the Queen's sons, has been voted his additional $50,000 a year, prior to his marriage, only forty-two Radicals opposing it. Curiously enough, two members of the government declined to vote, Mr. Fawcett, Postmaster-General, and Mr. Chamberlain, President of the Board of Trade. When the allowance to the Princess Louise was made, both those gentlemen voted against it. They keep up their consistency by not voting at all, though in doing so they have to submit to much criticism and satire from their opponents.

—Miss Mary Anderson, the actress, whose professional success has been quite remarkable, and whose pecuniary success is unprecedented, considering the brief period she has been on the stage, has taken a steam-yacht for the summer, and will go where all the good yachts go in search of health-giving breezes and that most delightful of all recreations. Her gondola is called the *Galatea*, and Miss A. will be the "gal-at-tea" when that infusion is in order.

—The figures show that the United States is the proper land for people who wish to touch par. As an instance we may name Mr. Albert C. Bogert, who on the 28th of March attained to the age of one hundred and one. He followed the calling of a shoemaker up to four years ago. He can see to read, and his appetite and general health are good; always took his toddy in moderation, and until he was ninety-seven was an inveterate smoker of tobacco. His living descendants are seven children, thirty-five grandchildren, eighty-six great-grandchildren, and fifteen great-great-grandchildren. The total number of his descendants, some of whom are dead, is one hundred and ninety-three. Good for Bogert.

—Mr. Henfrey, who has placed his villa at Mentone at the disposal of Queen Victoria, as he formerly did his villa at Baveno, is the son of Henry Henfrey, a member of a celebrated firm of civil engineers, who constructed Southwark and London bridges. In these and other large undertakings he acquired a great fortune, and many years ago retired from active life. The Queen keeps up with Mrs. Henfrey, whom she holds in affectionate esteem, an epistolary correspondence. After she returned from that lady's other villa at Baveno to England, she sent her portrait to ornament the room there, and a beautiful diamond bracelet.

—Mr. Montagu Williams, who defended young Dr. Lamson in his recent trial for murder, has had a varied career. Before becoming a barrister, he was a tutor, an army officer, an actor, a dramatic critic, and a dramatic author, and in each he was more than fairly successful.

—The fund donated by the late Colonel Charles H. Northam, of Hartford, for a professorship in Trinity College in that city, is to be called the "Northam Professorship of History and Political Science."

—Mr. George W. Childs's "Saturday Club" reception on the 25th of March was one of those delightful and remarkable gatherings in which he delights, and which have become so famous. On this occasion Ex-President Grant, Governor Hoyt of Pennsylvania, Governor Cornell of New York, Judges Davis, Brady, and Chief-Justice Daly, of New York, Speaker Keifer, Senators Hoar, Wade Hampton, and Pendleton, John Russell Young, Collector Robertson, and a long list of military and naval notabilities, and celebrities in literature and the professions, were his guests. Washington, New York, and other cities sent their best and brightest to grace his hospitality.

—Mr. Charles O'Conor, who has so curiously taken to Nantucket as the home of his old age, and who is reported to be in high enjoyment of the spacious, fire-proof library in which most of his time is spent, is said to be occupying a portion of his leisure on an autobiographical work, which, if ever published, will be read with avidity. There is no American lawyer of our time who has a wider professional or more interesting personal experience than Mr. O'Conor, and his reminiscences could not be other than interesting.

—The lines of the Rev. E. Winchester Donald, of the Church of the Intercession, Washington Heights, have fallen in pleasant places. Mr. Donald is thirty-eight years of age, and was ordained priest in his present parish in October, 1875. He has now received a unanimous call to the rectorship of Ascension Church, Fifth Avenue, recently made vacant by the death of Dr. John Cotton Smith. Previously to his going to Washington Heights he was for three years an assistant minister of Dr. Smith. The parish is one of the most important in the diocese. The rector's salary is $5000, with the occupancy of a fine rectory.

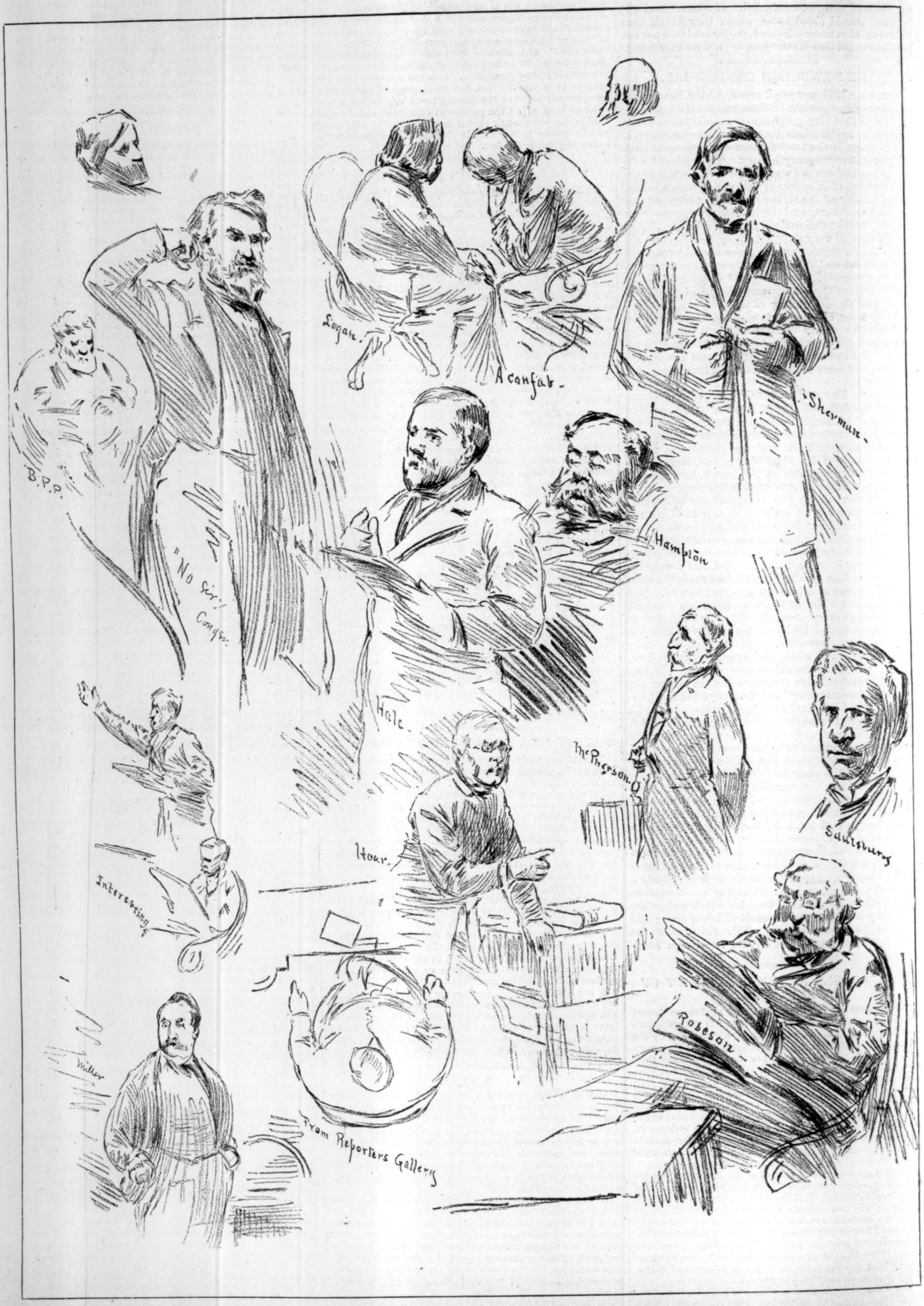
—Messrs. Thomas and Henry Sloan, of this city, are about to erect a laboratory for Yale College, as a memorial to their father, William Sloan, to cost about $50,000.

—When a Rothschild wants a rarity, sequins seem to be no object. Recently the Frankfort Rothschild bought for $40,000 from the Catholic church at Carlsruhe a unique gold cup decorated with precious stones and enamel, and bearing on the foot a cross in gems and the Metternich arms, with the motto: "Adophus Wolff dictus Metternich Decamus spirensis anno 1608." It had been given to the church by the Grand Duke Charles Frederick.

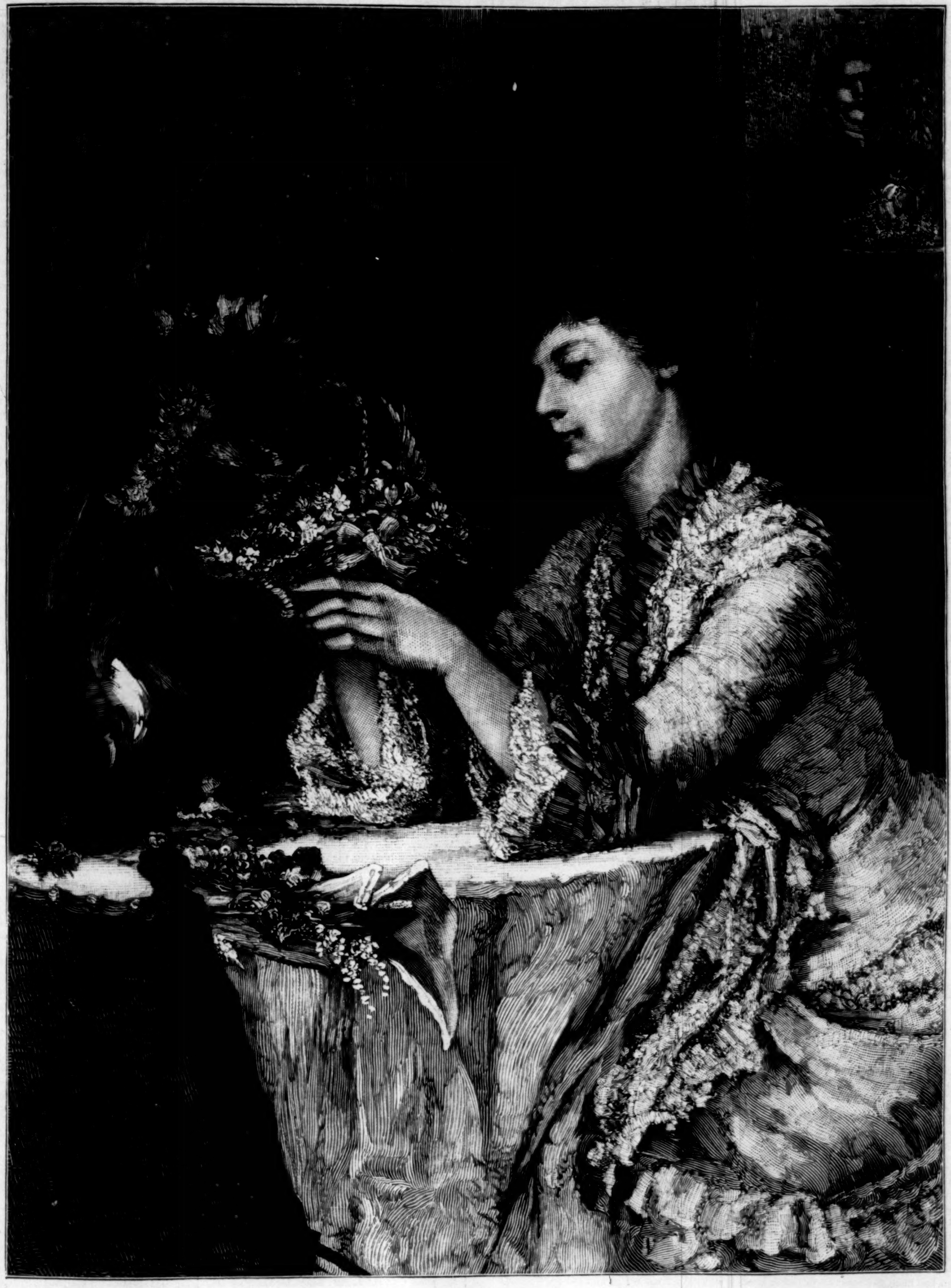
—Archdeacon Dunbar, of London, considers the harp the instrument of religious worship, as exemplified in Jewish worship and in representations of heavenly worship, and so thinks the instrument has been much overlooked, and ought to be generally used. Accordingly he has secured a professional performer to play at all his services.

—Of the author of *John Inglesant*, a novel that is much talked of just now in England, Mr. L. J. Jennings says, in *The World*: "The author is a Mr. Shorthouse, and what do you think he is? A manufacturer of chemical manures at Birmingham. Could a more unlikely birth-place for a romance have been named?"

—A notable character died at Salem, Massachusetts, on the 22d ult., Captain John Bertram, who in 1814 brought all his possessions to that town in a handkerchief, and went privateering, in which he was not successful, being captured too frequently. In 1824, in command of the schooner *General Brewer*, he sailed with a valuable cargo for St. Helena. When a few days out they spoke the brig *Elizabeth*, of Salem, Captain Story, bound for the same port. Captain Story came on board and took tea with Captain Bertram, and each announced his destination as Pernambuco. When night came on, Captain Bertram launched his entire deck load of lumber over the stern, so as to lighten his vessel, crowded all sail on, and on arriving at St. Helena sold his cargo at a big profit. On his return trip he met the *Elizabeth* bound in. His subsequent career was one of unbroken prosperity. He visited almost every country on the globe, making his fortune principally in the gum-copal trade. His wealth is estimated at nearly $10,000,000.


Logan.
A confab.
Sherman.
B.P.P.
"No Sir."
Congr.
Hampton
Hale.
McPherson.
Saulsbury
Hoar.
Interesting
Miller
From Reporters Gallery
Robeson.

SKETCHES IN THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.—Drawn by John W. Alexander.



EASTER-MORNING.—Drawn by W. St. John Harper.

BROWN OF NEVADA.

By MRS. FRANK McCARTHY.

"Who's that going into Scrimmage's?" said the senior partner of Hardscrabble & Co. to one of his general salesmen. "Isn't that Brown of Nevada?"

The general salesman jumped, and opened wide his eyes, as he always did when Mr. Hardscrabble called his attention to anything, and concentrated all his energies upon a pair of tweed coat tails vanishing into the portals of the rival jobbing house opposite.

"By gracious!" he said, "I'm afraid it *is* Brown of Nevada."

"That's the second time to-day he's gone into Scrimmage's," said Mr. Hardscrabble. "Just look up Pillikin, will you, and send him into the office."

The general salesman went in search of Pillikin, with a peculiar "misery-loves-company" expression, and found him looking piteously into the face of a Texas man who wanted his goods at ninety days, twelve per cent. lower than the cost of importation, and the privilege of sending back, at the firm's expense, some goods that he wanted to take on trial. The Texas man baited poor Pillikin to the verge of desperation, and walked out of the store with the passing remark that he'd look in again.

Even the soul of the general salesman—and as a general thing this kind of a soul is not made of wax—melted at the haggard visage of Pillikin when he told him that Mr. Hardscrabble wanted to see him in the office. Yet to save his life he couldn't help adding, as Pilliken went dejectedly to obey the summons, that Hardscrabble had just seen Brown of Nevada going into Scrimmage's. The general salesman had so often felt this sort of an iron enter into his own soul, he couldn't help assisting to probe others.

Pillikin grew deadly pale. "Brown of Nevada," he said, in a hoarse whisper—"into Scrimmage's!"

"It may be only to look around," said the general salesman, a little shocked that Pillikin took it quite so hard. "My gracious, man, you've got to be prepared for these things."

"I've had too many of them lately," said Pillikin. "I never had such luck in my life as I've had this season. Brown of Nevada is one of the men I thought I could rely upon. I've been looking for him all day."

"So you've slipped up with Brown, have you?" snarled the senior member as poor Pillikin walked into the office. "It appears to me, Pillikin, you're losing the little vim that you had last season. How long do you suppose we can stand this sort of thing? If you can't do better than this, you'd better not come to the store at all—just draw your salary, and stay at home. Are you aware that this is the busy season, the short period when we are *supposed* to sell goods? If you'll take a memorandum of this fact, it may help you a little when you see such men as Brown of Nevada going into Scrimmage's. But the fact is we can't blame Brown. He wants a live man to deal with, not a wooden one."

A hot flame leaped into the haggard face of Pillikin. "See here, Mr. Hardscrabble," he said; "if you're not satisfied, tell me so, but keep a civil tongue in your head. I don't allow any man to speak in that way to me."

"You don't, eh?" roared Mr. Hardscrabble. But Pillikin had turned upon his heel and walked out of the office, more dead than alive. The flame had died out of his cheeks, and left them paler than before. His legs trembled beneath him as he walked on out of the store. The general salesman who had delivered the message from Hardscrabble remarked to another general salesman that "poor Pillikin must have caught it pretty hard; he seemed all broke up."

Poor Pillikin walked on to the ferry with his head in a whirl of disappointment, chagrin, fear, and doubt. His reply to the senior member would undoubtedly lose him his situation, as they would be glad to get rid of him now that his valuable trade was falling off. If he could have held on to Brown of Nevada, all would have been well; and without Brown of Nevada, what would he be worth elsewhere? How could he support his wife and children, and his wife's widowed sister and her little boy, making nine of them in all, upon any salary that he could get without the trade of Brown of Nevada? He was already in debt, and some of the bills must be settled at once; his account was overdrawn at the store. It made him shudder to think of it. The cabin of the ferry-boat was stifling. In spite of the lowering clouds and piercing wind, he made his way out on the forward deck, and as he saw the black waves of the East River surging against the slimy sides of the boat, he was strongly tempted to do away with all further trouble for a party called Pillikin.

While the temptation assailed him, the chains rattled, the newsboys' cries were heard on the Brooklyn side, the boat bumped against the dock, the crowd pushed him along, and he found himself plodding his homeward way. He couldn't bear the depressing influence of the horse-cars, so he trudged along on foot, a fierce March sleet beginning to beat upon the only high hat he owned in the world. It was utterly impossible to buy another, but Pillikin didn't care. He probably wouldn't need a high hat in the menial employment he would be compelled to accept when he was kicked out of Hardscrabble & Co.'s, and had lost the trade of Brown of Nevada. When he at last reached home, his fingers were so numb with cold he could hardly get the key in the door, but this didn't matter in the least. Several young and energetic parties ran to let him in; his plump pretty little wife took his coat, and kissed him; his still plumper and prettier sister-in-law took his hat and cane, and kissed him; a half-dozen rosy children put up their mouths to be kissed. The dining-room was warm and cozy; there were his chair and slippers waiting for him by the open fire; an inviting meal was wasting its unctuous odor in the halls below.

"My love," said his wife, "how late you are!"

"My dear," said his wife's sister, "we were so afraid you'd gone off with some of those horrid customers. You know you expected Brown of Nevada—"

"Jo, dear Jo—my husband, my love, my darling—what *is* the matter?"

For poor Jo Pillikin had sunk into a chair, put his head upon the table, and burst into tears.

It was weak and unmanly, perhaps; but he had eaten nothing since breakfast, had been badgered and worried, and on his feet all day; the March wind had pierced to the marrow of his bones. To find all this love and cheer and comfort awaiting him, to remember how he had perilled them all in his talk with Hardscrabble, how he had been tempted to drown them all in his cowardice while upon the ferry-boat, and, above all, for his sweet sister-in-law to pelt him with the crushing name of Brown of Nevada, the author of all his misery—it was too much for poor Jo Pillikin. He wept, not as a woman whose tears console and comfort as they flow, but as a strong man weeps when the first keenness is added to the agony of depair.

Pretty Mrs. Pillikin got down on her knees, and wept on his shoulder, her sister cried upon his other shoulder, and all the little Pillikins set up a howl, none of them knowing in the least what they were crying about save poor Jo, whose tears ceased to flow when he found how contagious they were.

In the midst of all this uproar, a man mounted the stoop and rang the bell; but it was Bridget's day out, and in all this noisy distress none of the Pillikins heard the bell. Pillikin had in his agitation left the door ajar, and nobody had thought to shut it. So the stranger walked into the little reception-room, hoping that he would soon have an opportunity of making himself known. When all this sobbing fell upon his ear, he was annoyed and shocked, and scarcely knew what to do. Through a crevice in the door that separated the reception from the dining room, he saw Jo Pillikin sitting by the table, his head bowed upon his hands, one pretty young woman dressed in some soft, warm, gay material sobbing on one of his shoulders, and a still younger and prettier woman dressed in black sobbing on the other shoulder, and around the room, all about the floor and the chairs, were innumerable children, all howling at the top of their lungs. Pillikin hastily dried his tears and composed his features, and began to soothe his family. He took one of the pretty women on one knee, the other on the other knee, and gave each of his ten fingers to the young brood, hushing and coaxing them into calm.

"There, there," said Jo, "don't cry any more. I'm a heartless brute to have worried you so. But I couldn't help it. I feel better now; but I never was so completely broken up in my life. I don't mind telling you that I've done a very imprudent thing. It has weighed like a mountain of lead upon my heart and conscience; but I feel more courageous now that I know you love me well enough to share the burden. But I ought to have kept my temper. A man ought to think of his family when his situation is at stake, and it was enough to make Hardscrabble lose whatever decency he ever had to see Brown of Nevada go into Scrimmage & Co.'s."

Both the women started and turned pale.

"Oh, Sue!" faltered the wife, to her sister—"Brown of Nevada!"

"Oh, Kate!" gasped the young widow, to the wife—"into Scrimmage & Co.'s!"

"Brown of Nevada!" they repeated together, shaking their heads mournfully.

"Yes, Brown of Nevada!" repeated Jo, also shaking his head mournfully, but feeling consoled, in spite of himself, with his family's full appreciation of the disaster that had befallen him. "This was the drop that overflowed the bitterness of my cup. Brown has always been my best card. It was a pleasure to sell to Brown. Most of these men would skin a flea for its hide. But there's nothing mean about Brown."

"There's something very mean in his going to Scrimmage's," said Mrs. Pillikin.

"I call it a very dishonorable action," said the widow.

"No," said Pillikin, "not dishonorable exactly; but I must say, if he wasn't satisfied with me, he might have bought his goods of some other concern, and not gone over to Scrimmage's right before Hardscrabble's eyes."

Here something like a distant cough was heard. They all looked around, but thought it must be one of the children.

"It was like flinging a red rag in the face of a mad bull," continued Jo. "Hardscrabble was white with rage, and didn't know what he said. I'm sorry now I allowed myself to reply as I did. But it was a bitter blow to *me* to know that Brown of Nevada, of all other men in the trade, should— But I tell you there's somebody in the other room." Poor Jo turned pale again. "I'm afraid it's Brown with that bill; I told him to call around. I can't pay him now; it's impossible. But I'll have to see him, I suppose."

"No," said his sister-in-law, springing to her feet; "I'll see him. I'll tell him you're not well, that you can't see anybody."

"That's a good girl," said Pillikin, with a sigh of relief. "Say that I'll call around next week. Heaven knows when I *can* pay him now; but say that I'll call around."

The young widow went around through the hall into the reception-room, and found there a young man of fine proportions and frank, pleasant countenance, who immediately began to apologize.

"I rang the bell," he said, "but nobody heard me, and finding the door ajar, I took the liberty of walking in. I'm exceedingly sorry to be the cause of any trouble. If you'll first tell Mr. Pillikin that my name is Brown, he'll guess the nature of my errand."

"We all know your errand," said the widow. "My poor dear brother-in-law guessed it right away. Around the first of the month there are so many people coming here upon the same errand! And I've got a splendid idea what to do with them. My brother-in-law is such a dear good fellow, he's always robbing himself to help others; he's given me a home, and my little orphan boy a home, and no wonder he can't pay his bills. But I've got a piano and stool, and lots of music, and a cover that I've embroidered with my own hands, and these must be worth something considerable."

"Something *very* considerable," said the stranger, looking at the young widow earnestly.

"And I'm going to make the piano and stool and music and embroidered cover go as far as they will with my brother-in-law's bills. Now I'll give you the first chance. Where is your bill? what is the amount?"

The young man reddened, bit his lips, smiled. "There is some mistake," he said.

"Isn't your name Brown, and haven't you come to collect a bill?"

"I have *not* come to collect a bill. My name is Brown, but I don't think it's the same Brown. There are a great many Browns. If you will tell your brother-in-law that I am Brown of Nevada—"

"Oh!" gasped the widow; and for a moment Brown of Nevada thought she was going to faint. He sprang to her side to save her from falling, but she recovered herself, and her breath and color came again. She clasped her hands, and looked at the young man with her whole soul in her eyes. "Brown of Nevada!" she repeated—"Brown of Nevada! Oh my gracious!"

"Yes, I hurried over here to correct an error that had reached your brother-in-law's ears. I did not go into Scrimmage's to buy goods; it was only to meet a friend."

"Only to meet a friend," repeated the widow, still devouring him with her large, soft, pathetic eyes; "and you did not buy your goods at Scrimmage's?"

"Certainly not. I shall buy my goods of your brother-in-law, as I always do."

"As you always do!" repeated the widow, tears springing to her eyes, her lovely face suffused with a sort of rapture that really embarrassed Brown. "Of course! As you always do! And you are really Brown of Nevada?" And here she began to walk to the door, keeping her eyes still fastened upon the young merchant.

"I am really Brown of Nevada."

"Dear me! Isn't it wonderful—strange—perfectly splendid? You'll stay here just a minute, won't you? while I go and tell Jo."

"I'll stay here any quantity of minutes;" and out glided the young widow, leaving Brown in as delicious a daze as she was herself.

"Jo, Jo," said the widow to her brother-in-law, raising his dejected head, and shaking him energetically by the shoulder; "Kate, my sister, my dear ones, prepare yourselves. Don't let it come upon you too sudden."

"Good heavens!" cried poor Pillikin, leaping to his feet; "what has happened? What is it now?"

"It's—it's not the Mr. Brown with the bill, Jo."

"Who is it? what is it? Misfortunes never come alone. I'm prepared for anything!"

"It's—it's—oh, Jo, it's Brown of Nevada!"

"Great heavens!" said Jo, springing to the door.

"And he didn't buy his goods of Scrimmage; he went there to meet a friend, and he *will buy his goods of you*, AS HE ALWAYS DOES," said the young widow, in a crescendo that at last reached a shrill treble; but Jo was already wringing the hand of Brown.

"Apart from the fact that you have not gone back on me, Brown," said poor Pillikin, "I don't mind telling you that your presence is a reprieve from all sorts of miseries; but how the deuce did you find me out?"

"Why, one of your general salesmen over there—I forget his name—told me you and Hardscrabble had some words about my going into Scrimmage's. He said you were so cut up about it, and didn't appear to be well when you left the store; so I thought I'd take a cab and come over. It was a pleasant night—that is, not a very pleasant night; but I hadn't anything to do—that is, I had lots of things to do, but, hang it, I wanted to come, and I am glad I did!"

"So am I, Brown—God bless you, so am I!" Then poor Pillikin, relieved of the burden of doubt and wretchedness that had oppressed him, and having there before him as his voluntary guest the representative of a worshipful amount of trade—poor Pillikin gathered together his scattered dignity and self-esteem, and began to discuss matters of business with a serene and serious enthusiasm that bespoke the happiness of the occasion.

As for Brown of Nevada, he couldn't keep his mind upon what Pillikin was saying, he was so taken up with the rustling of drapery outside.

The two little women were flying around down stairs in the kitchen, and up stairs in the dining-room. The children had their bread and milk, and were washed and put to bed; the widow flew down to the kitchen and made some little dishes, all in the twinkling of an eye, their culinary perfection consisting in the rapidity with which they were got together, and clapped upon the dumb-waiter, and hoisted to her sister in the dining-room above, who whisked them upon the table, and what with the haste and happiness and unexpectedness of it all, when they rang the bell and invited the gentlemen out to supper, there couldn't possibly be two prettier or more engaging women in the universe; and a more appetizing meal Brown of Nevada never saw or tasted.

From pitying Jo Pillikin, he began to envy him. How hollow and cold and altogether unsatisfactory was the life of a bachelor!—particularly out in Nevada.

The March wind still roared and howled, and the March sleet yet beat upon the Pillikin window-panes, and nothing would do but Brown of Nevada must stay all night.

He knew it must be the widow's room that he slept in (as indeed it was, that little woman and her orphan boy crowding in with the little Pillikins), and Brown of Nevada went all around, admiring the pretty knickknacks, and worsted-work and embroidery, that was of course the work of the fair widow's hands. He went to sleep, and dreamed that Pillikin was so steeped in pecuniary difficulties that the widow found the piano and stool and music, and even the embroidered cover, were only a drop in the bucket; so in her warm generosity she threw herself in, and stood upon the piano to be raffled off by the creditors and friends of Pillikin. Brown threw double sixes every time, and had just made arrangements to have the widow and piano and stool and music and cover shipped out to Nevada with the rest of his goods when the breakfast bell rang. He awoke, and blushed to find what absurdities a man will dream, and blushed still more when the soft innocent eyes of the widow met his own over the potatoes, and the muffins, and scrambled eggs, and the multitude of good things which he found out afterward she had made with her own hands.

Her orphan boy was a fine little fellow, and would make a splendid man some day if he could be taken where there was room to grow.

But who can picture the pride of Pillikin when he walked into the store the next morning arm in arm with Brown of Nevada? Mr. Hardscrabble was just bullying one of the heads of stock, and catching a glimpse of this touching spectacle of amity between Pillikin and Brown of Nevada, he rushed forward, with tender hospitality placed an affectionate hand upon the shoulder of each, and thus lovingly linked together, the three walked down the store.

And the saying is that whatever you dream in a strange bed is sure to come true; and I shouldn't wonder if, when Brown went back to Nevada, he'd take all those things he won at that imaginary raffle—all except the piano and stool and music and embroidered cover. These the dear little widow declares she will leave to the young Pillikins.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I DESIRE to jot down a few reflections about Mr. LONGFELLOW, but not so much about him personally as about the place that he occupies among the singers of the time, and of all times, and of the place that the faculty which he and they possess, and possessed, holds among the intellectual achievements of the race. It is not with the Man that I purpose to detain you for a brief period, but with his Work. He was one of many—but not so many, after all—who were gifted with powers that are not common to the generations of mankind. Why they were so gifted no man knows, and of the source of their powers all must remain ignorant. It is one of the mysteries that surround us—perhaps the heart of the dearest, as the Infinite Unknown of our poor human speech is the soul of the profoundest—the creative energy which we call Our Father. The first poet was the first man who was conscious of himself and of the Universe—a childly-hearted creature of whom the twinkle of a dew-drop, the delicate grace of a spring blossom, or the fingers of the wind that dallied with his hair, made a lyrical singer; to whom the surf sang strophes of jubilance; the flash of lightning and the crash of thunder were Ode and Epode of a mighty measure, moonlights epithalamia, and darkness the pall of the tragedy of the Unknowable. When he opened his eyes to the glory and the terror that were about him, he was a poet. If we could recall our childish conceptions of these, we might recall the voices that awakened his spirit, the apparitions that beckoned to and eluded it. The earliest message that approached his ear from the lips of Nature was half inaudible and of uncertain import. He knew not whether to be delighted or afraid. He was aware of another and a stronger than himself—of something above him, below him, within him, from Whom he could not escape—a perpetual environment and fulfillment, the Maker securing the made. So far as they can be traced, the primitive utterances of man were a recognition of Power, which speedily became powers, which assumed names, and were clothed upon by shadowy, elemental, fleshly shapes—adumbrations of their worshippers projected against the wall of the worlds. Man made his gods in his own image, but superior, for good and evil, and as he made them, so they remain to-day; the good, let us hope, trampling, if slowly, the evil under foot. The oldest poems extant are invocations to deities; orphic hymns that strove to capture and detain, their singers hardly knew what, to translate the original language of encircling Presences into the dialects of barbaric tribes; confessions of transgression and supplications for forgiveness; mortal acknowledgments of the Divine, like those in the Sacred Book of the Hebrews—"Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou visitest him?" Such were these old forgotten poets, and such their strains in the morning of Time.

While the spiritual needs of man were demanding those rhythmic recognitions, his physical needs were demanding their recognition in stormier music—in the rugged songs that narrated his encounters with savage beasts, and in the short, sharp odes that strengthened his sinews to heave great rocks upon his foes, and to brain them with upwrecked forests—valorous, vindictive, victorious. The hands of Nimrod conquered in the one, the fires of Moloch consumed in the other, and the earth was darkened with the smoke of battle. From out this tumult stole forth slowly but surely a Woman not seen before, stern but sad and gracious, whose office it was to recover and embalm the memory of heroes, friends and foes, both noble, now they were gone; so just, so human, is the twin sister of song—Tradition. But back of all these shapes and sounds, back of the soldier in battle and the gray-bearded priest in sacred places, if one had eyes to see and ears to hear, are beauteous shadows and melodious voices, figures of youths and maids sitting upon banks of flowers, or stealing through the twilight of secluded woods, whispering secrets, exchanging hearts, clasping hands, looking immortal life, old-world lovers, singing the song that never is old. Perhaps they touch rude instruments, fetch music from string and shell, or up and dance for utter joy; whatever they do, all's well.

> "Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
> Sounds, and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not."

Through all these jocund ditties float, from vineyards where grapes are trodden into wine, from processions along the highways crowned with vine leaves, with faces flushed, trumpets blowing, cymbals clashing, emptied cups and stumbling feet, passing away, the sons of Belial, Thammuz and the Syrian damsels, Bacchus and Silenus, poetic impersonations of opulence and waste. Be sure that more than revelry was meant in these, that hidden therein were myths whose original meaning hath escaped us—parables of the use and abuse of good, parents of Saadi and Omar Khayyam.

> "Why, be this juice the growth of God, who dare
> Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a snare?
> A blessing we should use it, should we not?
> And if a curse, why, then, Who set it there?"

The soul solicits wisdom. The limits of our vision and our set habits of mind narrow our knowledge and conceptions of poetry. Before Greece was, and her mighty mother, Egypt, there was a World of Song. There were poets in the steppes of Scythia, and in the defiles of the Himmalayas, along the banks of the Niger, and on the backs of Bactrian camels, in the mines of Cornwall, and the endless forests of the unfound Continent, on the surf-washed beaches of the Pacific, and over the sunken cities of the Atlantides—wherever mankind was, there were poets. Everywhere the fourfold stream of religion, and love, and war, and wine was flowing, and men and women rose, and floated, and sank therein from of old, as they are rising and floating and sinking now. It sings about a thousand little islands peopled with lyrical birds; it lapses gayly along the sunny shore of comedy; it sets perpetually to the world where tragedy is, surrounded by lost lovers and unwedded maids, discrowned and unsceptred kings and queens, wan rulers of crushed empires weighed down with Fate. Whatever the race has been, is, or may be, that poetry has been, is, and must be. It is human life and death.

From the beginning it has broadened and deepened. The simple worship of the world's forefathers shaped itself into prayers, invocations, and mystic hymns—the Vedas, the Zendavesta, the Theogony, the Hebrew Writings, and the Evangelists. The anger of its children shaped itself into war songs in all lands, and into the epical ocean wherein they were discharged—Iliads and Odysseys, Maharbharratas and Ramayanas, Æniеds and Pharsalias, Divine Comedies, Delivered Jerusalems, Lost and Earthy Paradises. The wine-bibbing of its grandchildren shaped itself into satiric combats between rival wits, who set the rustics agape, and whose torches reached us through the hands of Aristophanes, Terence, Molière, and Shakspeare; the sorrow and sullenness of all reaching us in Prometheus, Medea, Antigone, gliding away in a thousand pallid figures, to re-appear as Hamlet, Othello, Lear, Queen Katharine, and Lady Macbeth. Amorists of antiquity reached us through the souls of Hero and

Leander, Sappho and Phaon, Horace and Lydia, Catullus and Lesbia, Cupid and Psyche, Dante and Beatrice, Petrarch and Laura, Burns and Highland Mary, Byron and Mary Chaworth, Keats and Fanny Brawn,

> "And many more the Muse will not rehearse."

Akin to these crying and laughing ones were and are the shepherd-folk and countrymen of Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, Guarini, Tasso, Spenser, Sidney, Shakspeare, Browne, Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Milton, Allan Ramsey, Burns, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, Keats, Hunt, and Tennyson. Such are the dwellers in and such the dominion of Song, whereof the Poet is Sovereign, Lord under the Great Lord of the lesser universe. It is an awful sceptre which he holds, this Porphyrogenitus, for the honor which accompanies it must be borne meekly, and the burden which it imposes is for life and death. He receives what the Giver sends, and gives it again; what, he knows not, save that it is good.

> "There is a soul of goodness in things ill,
> Would men observingly distill it out."

The Divine Light streams through his life,

> "Which like a dome of many-colored glass
> Stains the white radiance of Eternity."

Wisdom whispers her oracles through him. He is the mouth-piece of wit. He interprets as he may the Beautiful. Art, eloquence of words, purity of sculpture, glory of color, ineffable tenderness and might of music, fourfold waters of the Unknown, are the rivers of his Eden, before whose gates flames no fiery sword, for man has never been driven forth, but walks there at morn and eventide, family with God and His angels. So felt in his proud humility our dear dead LONGFELLOW.

R. H. STODDARD.

"AND THERE WAS A SOUND OF LAMENTATION."

ONCE more the name of God in Christians' keeping
Is made a shame and snare.
The cry of Rachel for her children weeping
Makes dolorous the air:

"Hear me, merciful White Czar!
If thou hast a human heart,
If, as thou hast claimed, thou art
Batyushka Gosudar,
Show us mercy, mighty Czar!

"Dear are our homes; Oh, force us not to leave them!
'Tis bitter to the old
To be cast out; let not thy people grieve them—
Take all thou wilt of gold.

"Spare home and life—protect our daughters' honor;
And though sevenfold the task,
Rachel for her beloved will take upon her
To yield all thou canst ask.

"The blood of Jews is poured out like a river—
Will no one hear my prayer?—
Sweet maiden limbs in ruthless graspings quiver:
O White Czar, bid them spare!

"While thou art mute, my father dies, my daughter
Lies slain by her own hand;
And now my babes, my helpless babes, they slaughter—
Hold back thy ruffian band.

"Alas, that the great friend[*] who shares our anguish,
By England's eastern shore,
For burden of long years and mortal languish
Can come to us no more!

"O have pity, mighty Czar!
If thou hast a human heart,
If, as thou hast claimed, thou art
Batyushka Gosudar!
Save, O save us, mighty Czar!"

But the heart of the White Czar is stone, not human.
Trembling he sits alone,
Where the strong shadow of one murdered woman
Falls black across his throne.

With fear and greed he counteth o'er the treasure
His Tchinoviks can bring;
Rubles and curses heap in even measure
Before this craven thing,

Who flees before the shadow of a motion,
Thinks empty rooms a joy,
Dreams panting dreams of Selkirk's isle and ocean
When sleep is not too coy.

Little he recks of Rachel's wild complaining,
Who dares not lift the crown
From out of that portentous silence! reigning
Where it went crashing down.

ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON.

BELLS IN BURMAH.

THE love of bells in Burmah is somewhat remarkable. Every large pagoda has some dozens of them, of all sizes, hanging round the skirts of the Zaydee, image houses, and Zayats. One or two were put up with the building itself; others have been added at various times by the religious. Most of them have long Pali inscriptions on them, recording the praises of the Lord and the aspirations of the giver. Here and there are a few with Burmese dedications, presented by poor, simple jungle people, the monks in whose district did not know Pali, or had the grace to say they were not learned enough to write an original composition in that language. Every Burman has learned a certain number of Pali formulæ, to enable him to worship at the pagoda; but few even of the most renowned Tsadaus have anything like a thorough knowledge of the sacred language. Hence, when there is a modest monk in the Kyoung, the simple cultivators have to fall back on their own vernacular, and produce plaintive appeals like the following:

"This bell was made with great care and much expense, and is presented by Moung Tsan Yah, of the hamlet of Nga-Pay-Oh, in the township of Maoobin, and Mahmah Gyee his wife, who seek refuge in the boundless mercy of the pitiful Buddha, in the majesty of the eternal Law, and in the venerable Assembly, the three gems. They visit the precious things faithfully on the appointed days. Applaud, ye pious. They humbly strive to gain for themselves merit. May the good Nats who guard the forest and the field look smilingly on them, and guard the poor man's crops! May the Nats who dwell in the air and the earth defend from evil things the two fat bullocks which plough the fields! May the guardian Nats of the house and the city keep from harm Chit Oo, their son, and little Mah Mee, their darling daughter! And may the merit of this offering be halved with their children! May the excellent Lord pity them, the good Spirits smile on them, the holy Assembly receive them! So shall Moung Tsan Yah and Mahmah Gyee gain much merit and rejoice in presenting this bell. Weight seventy-five viss."

Such dedications are found here and there, but they are not common; for half the honor of presenting the bell is lost if the common crowd can read what is written on it: and doubtless Moung Chit Oo, when he has been to an English school and has got a place under government, will be rather ashamed of the quaint humility of his father's offering. The bells are not intended to summon worshippers to their devotions. There is no necessity for such a call. Every man is responsible to himself only for his religious state: no one else has anything directly to do with him, or can give him any help. The monks themselves are little concerned with the spiritual state of the laity. If a man is to attain a favorable change in a succeeding existence, it must be by his own exertions. He knows the special "duty days"—the new moon, the eighth of the waxing, the full moon, and the eighth of the waning.

On these days and on the special feast-days he goes to gain kutho for himself and better his chance for a new transincorporation, as the Burman idea of metempsychosis renders the old notion of transmigration of souls. If he is a fond man, he perhaps parcels out the merit acquired by his devotions among those members of his family or friends who have not been to the pagoda. The use of the bells is to direct attention to the fact of the lauds of Buddha having been gone through. The worshipper, when he has finished, goes to one of the bells and strikes it three times, to bring to the notice of the Nats and the four worlds what he has been doing. There are always a number of deer's antlers and billets of wood lying near the bell for this purpose. None of them have clappers, and metal is never used to strike them.

The Burmese have no objections whatever to a foreigner sounding the bell: they, indeed, rather like it; for the more clangor there is, the more likely the Nats are to observe their piety. Most of the bells have a fine tone, and a flick with the finger is sufficient to cause a vibration through the whole 95,000 pounds of metal in Maha Ganda. What sound the Mengoon bell, second only in size to that presented by the Empress Catherine to Moscow, is capable of will never probably be known, for the supports have given way, and half of the rim rests on the ground. But, as Colonel Yule says, it would have at any time required a battering-ram to bring out its music.

Besides those hung round the precincts of the pagoda, the Htee, or umbrella, on the top of the edifice is always hung with a multitude of bells. Those on the more sacred shrines are very often entirely gold or silver. Several on the Shway Dagohn at Rangoon are of gold, studded with precious stones, and are worth many hundred pounds apiece. These of course are furnished with tongues, and the slightest breeze causes a constant harmonious tinkling, dear to the worshipper's heart. The object of these bells is identical with that of those below on the platform—to attract the attention of the good spirits in Tawadeintha and other abodes of the Nats on Mount Meru.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

NOBODY knew that there were so many deer still left in the Louisiana swamps until the recent floods drove them in vast numbers to the high lands. Overtaken by the freshet, they often had to swim long distances before reaching ground from which the rising water did not drive them, and in their exhausted condition they might have been easily killed by those who hunt for profit alone had not the genuine sportsmen made unusual efforts to protect them.

A fireman on a Richmond and Danville Railroad freight train noticed, while outside the cab, that the locomotive whistle was not blown when the train approached a station. He went into the cab, and found the engineer unconscious, suffering, as it afterward appeared, from paralysis. Not having in him any of the material of which heroes are made, the fireman leaped from the cab. The train rushed on until it came in collision with another, doing considerable damage. Strange to say, the unconscious engineer fared better than his cowardly helper, for he was not injured by the collision, while the fireman was bruised by his fall in leaping from the cab.

An elderly woman, apparently from the country, stood on a Broadway corner, looking very much as though she would like to get to the opposite side of that thoroughfare. There was the usual noonday jam of vehicles in the street. A policeman touched her on the arm, and asked, "Would you like to cross, madam?"

With a haughty motion of the head, and in a tone which said that she would brook no impertinence from a stranger, she replied, "Thank you, *sir;* I can wait till they pass."

In the course of the excavations preliminary to embalming the whale that was recently towed to this port after being killed off the Long Island coast, the figures 127 were found in well-defined slashes on a portion of the monster's interior anatomy. It is to be hoped that the 126 of lower numbers, and the countless whales that may bear higher numbers, will escape the harpoons of those who are seeking them for exhibition purposes. With the lower streets not in an odorless condition, and with Hunter's Point still existing, the spring season will be attended with stenches in sufficient variety and intensity. If a decomposing whale were of the size of a shrimp, its odor would still be sufficient to make it a noteworthy object on the city's water-front. Better that the shark excitement of last season should be renewed, that the water along the piers should boil with the flounderings of these horrid-jawed creatures, and that the tents in which dead sharks are on exhibition should be as numerous as those of an army encamped, than that the city should be compelled to suffer a visitation of decomposing whales.

A lecturer on "Hebrew Humor" said recently that the Jews of the past few hundred years had little reason to be humorous or jocular; but the lapse of this comparatively brief interval need not prevent them from participating in the claims to the authorship of most of the current jokes of minstrels and circus clowns.

There was displayed near the soda-water fountain in an up-town drug-store the sign "Vaccine." A young man, accompanied by a young woman who might have been his country cousin or sweetheart, entered, and in response to the inquiring look of the boy who tended the fountain, said, "You may give me bovine."

The young woman's eyes had been resting on the unusual sign near the fountain, and when her companion turned to her and asked how she would have hers, she said, timidly, "I guess I'll try a little vaccine."

There is a blind negro in Georgia who can walk the sidewalks as straight as anybody, and who saws wood for a living. One morning, at two o'clock, a resident of Americus, where this negro lives, heard the blind man's saw going, and remonstrated with him. The old negro's answer showed that he had made a miscalculation somewhere. He said he thought it was about supper-time.

The evil of opium-smoking has been growing with alarming rapidity in New York city during the past few months. In the dens where it is most fostered no Chinamen are seen; those who keep these places and those who frequent them are nearly all Americans. In all other respects an effort is made to impart to the places an Oriental air. When lighted dimly by jets burning in globes stained deep blue, these places, with their carpeted benches along the walls, their heavy curtains, and their atmosphere laden with the not unpleasant fumes of the drug, prove attractive to those of the imperilled classes who go there for the first time. All that has been written about the private carriages of ladies of wealth and position halting near these dens to allow their occupants to alight and surreptitiously enter is untrue. Neither do wealthy and respectable women visit bar-rooms; but it is necessary to make an effort to control the sale of liquor, and save as many as possible of those whom it is ruining, and it will soon be evident that legislation to check the evil of opium-smoking in New York is imperatively demanded. Its growth is something unprecedented in this city.

The statement was made in behalf of the elevated railway management, in view of the threatened strike of trainmen, that the safety of the travelling public did not require the employment of men of much experience. If experience is of little account in the running of steam-cars on a continuous bridge of the height of the elevated tracks, starting within seventy seconds of each other, and coming to a stop two or three times in a mile, and crowded even in the aisles with passengers, where can a field be found in which experience is of value?

Victor Hugo is economical as well as great. At the time his son Charles was paying court to Mlle. Madeline Brohan, the old man ordered him to confine himself to three shirts a week; he disobeyed, and, as punishment, a chop was withdrawn from his breakfast fare. After *Hernani*, when Hugo, in raptures over his Dona Sol, kissed her and said, "Ask me something—anything—what you like," she supplicated: "Let Charles have his chop again."

The pharmacists of New York held their annual dinner on the 26th ult., at the Hotel Brunswick, and partook of various mixtures and decoctions that were pleasant and poculent. Among other grave and gravy things, Dr. Bedford alluded with pardonable pride to the time when he graduated and stood next to the head of his class, which graduated two members.

It was Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, we believe, who, while waiting in a drug-store for a prescription, had his attention called to a lad seated in a chair. "That is my son, sir; don't you think he looks like me?"

"Well, yes," replied the witty poet; "I think I can see some of your *liniments* in his face."

It must have been amusing, though perhaps embarrassing, to some of the worshippers at the cathedral in Cincinnati a few Sundays since, during the delivery of a sermon by Bishop Gilmour, who has the habit of emphasizing the forcible passages of his discourse by hammering with his fist. The pulpit at the cathedral is situated near the centre of the auditorium against a large pillar, and seated at the altar, some distance away, were Bishop Elder and others, who on account of the pillar could not command a view of the pulpit or Bishop Gilmour. At about the middle of his sermon, Bishop Gilmour came to a forcible passage, and hammered vigorously on the pulpit, creating a loud noise, and kept it up for nearly a minute.

"Stop that noise!" cried Bishop Elder, rising to his feet, and astonishing the congregation, who were at a loss to know what to make of the unusual proceeding.

Bishop Gilmour kept on the even tenor of his way. "I demand that there be silence!" said Bishop Elder. This brought the thumping emphasis to an end, and the astonished bishop turned and faced the altar. Bishop Elder now discovered his part of the mistake, and said, "I beg your pardon, sir; I thought it was some one in the congregation creating a disturbance."

There were no other interruptions.

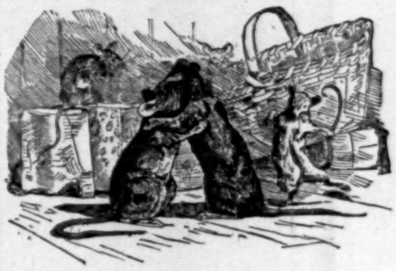
The Welsh bishops have decided not to proceed for the present with the revision of the Welsh New Testament.

A queer thing happened near Springfield, Massachusetts, the other day. A young farmer says he was at work in a field when a man and a woman came along in a carriage. The man asked him if he would marry the woman for $500; he consented, and they went to the nearest justice, who performed the ceremony. He shows the $500 as proof, and the justice bears him out in the strange story. The mysterious bride and her companion rode away immediately after the marriage, and no more is known of them.

Don Carlos has written to the organizer of the Spanish pilgrimage to Rome to say he will not go, as he does not wish to inconvenience the Pope.

Six hundred and fifty-four Indians are held by the United States government as prisoners of war. Two-thirds of them are Cheyennes.

A recently propounded conundrum by a member of the Lower House of the British Parliament: "What is the difference between the House of Commons and the House of Lords?—Answer: One has ability, the other no-bility."



"THANK GOODNESS! WE ARE RID OF THESE HORRIBLE CHINESE."

A writer in the *Review of Gas and Water Engineering* gives the following as the cause of the burning of the Vienna theatre. The facts were communicated by the machinist of the theatre. It appears that an electric apparatus was employed for lighting a row of gas-burners running across the stage at the top of the scenes, and that the spark for lighting the gas was applied at one of the end burners only. It was necessary, therefore, to turn on the gas full before the burners would ignite, and, as sometimes happened, the failure of the spark to ignite the gas resulted in an accumulation of gas in the upper part of the scenes, which, when the lighting of the burners succeeded, produced a sheet of flame. This state of things had existed for some time; but on the night of the fire either the accumulation of gas was larger than usual, or for some other cause the flames ignited the scenery, which naturally is very combustible material. Efforts were made to extinguish the fire before lowering the iron curtain, and when at last it became evident that these efforts were useless, and the order was given to lower the curtain, it was found that the heat had rendered it immovable, and before anything further could be done the flames had extended to the auditorium.

The piercing of Mont Cenis and the St. Gothard for railway traffic has brought into prominence a difficult problem in ventilation. It is recognized that the present ventilation of the Mont Cenis tunnel is quite insufficient. The difference of level of the mouths affords little or no advantage; the air-compressing machines do not serve to keep free of smoke the chambers of refuge provided at intervals for employés; nor does the suction apparatus for drawing off impure air act efficiently. The problem has lately called forth two thoughtful memoirs, one by M. Pressel, the other by M. De Kossuth. M. Pressel thinks it would be successfully solved on the principle of producing a sensible difference of density in the air at the two ends of the tunnel. In applying this principle elsewhere, shafts have been made at the extremities of tunnels, and a draught produced by means of a fire kept always burning. The costliness of this in the case of an Alpine tunnel is quite prohibitive. But M. Pressel proposes to cool the air at one part with water, instead of heating it. In the Alps it is easy to find mountain torrents of very cool water. A current of four hundred litres per second, would, it is said, cool the shaft sufficiently; there need not be a greater difference of temperature between the shafts than ten degrees centigrade. At their outer end the pits should be protected against disturbance from wind. The mouths of the tunnel should be closed, but they need not be hermetically closed. Variations of exterior temperature would require somewhat modified arrangements. The system of ventilation recommended by M. De Kossuth is one used in mines, and depends on assimilating the conditions to those in mines. Close one end of the tunnel with a movable door; open in the side of the tunnel a short distance from this door a passage of large section, and in this place, say, a Guibal centrifugal ventilator, to be driven by fall of water.

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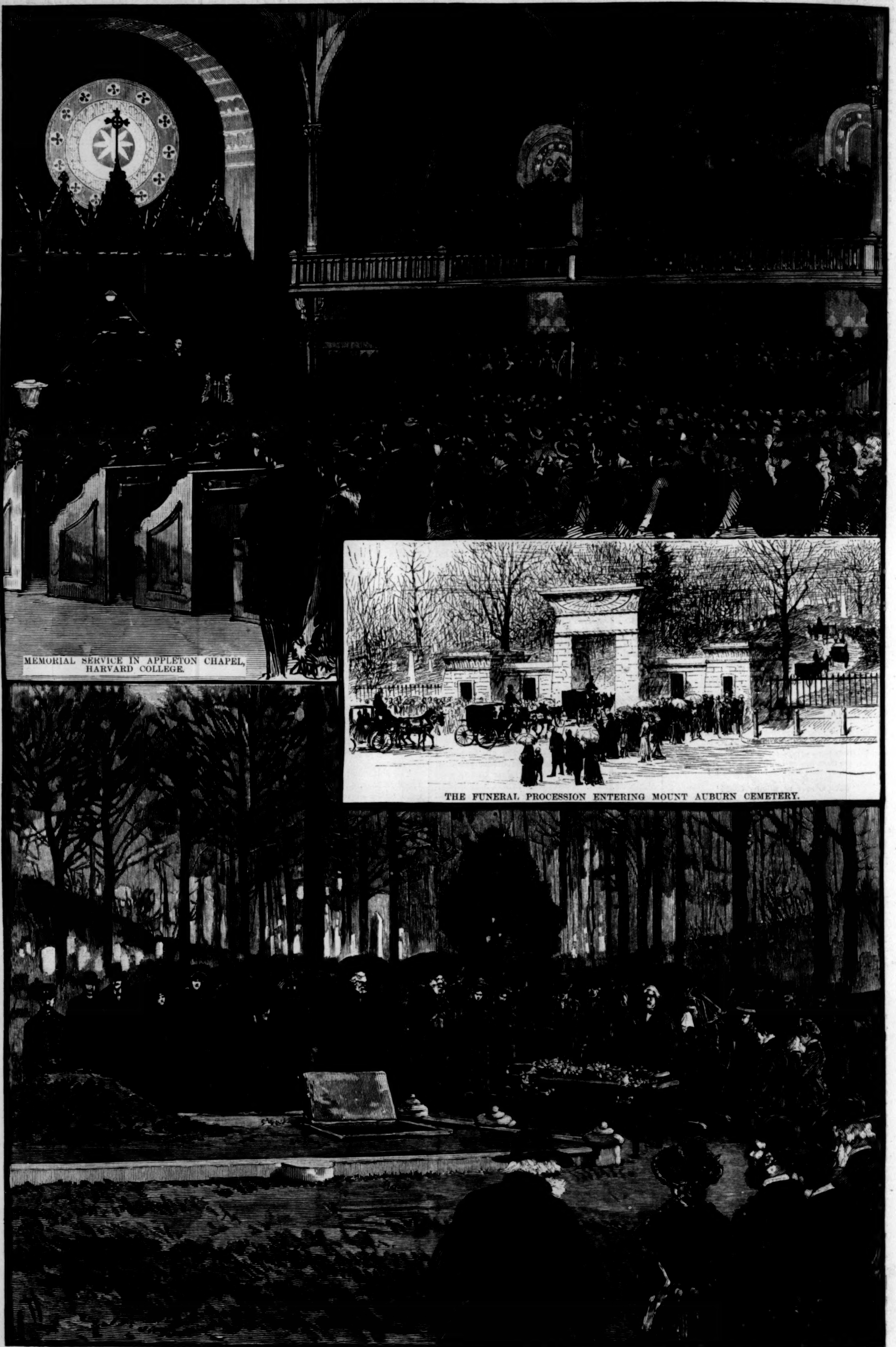
[*] Sir Moses Montefiore.

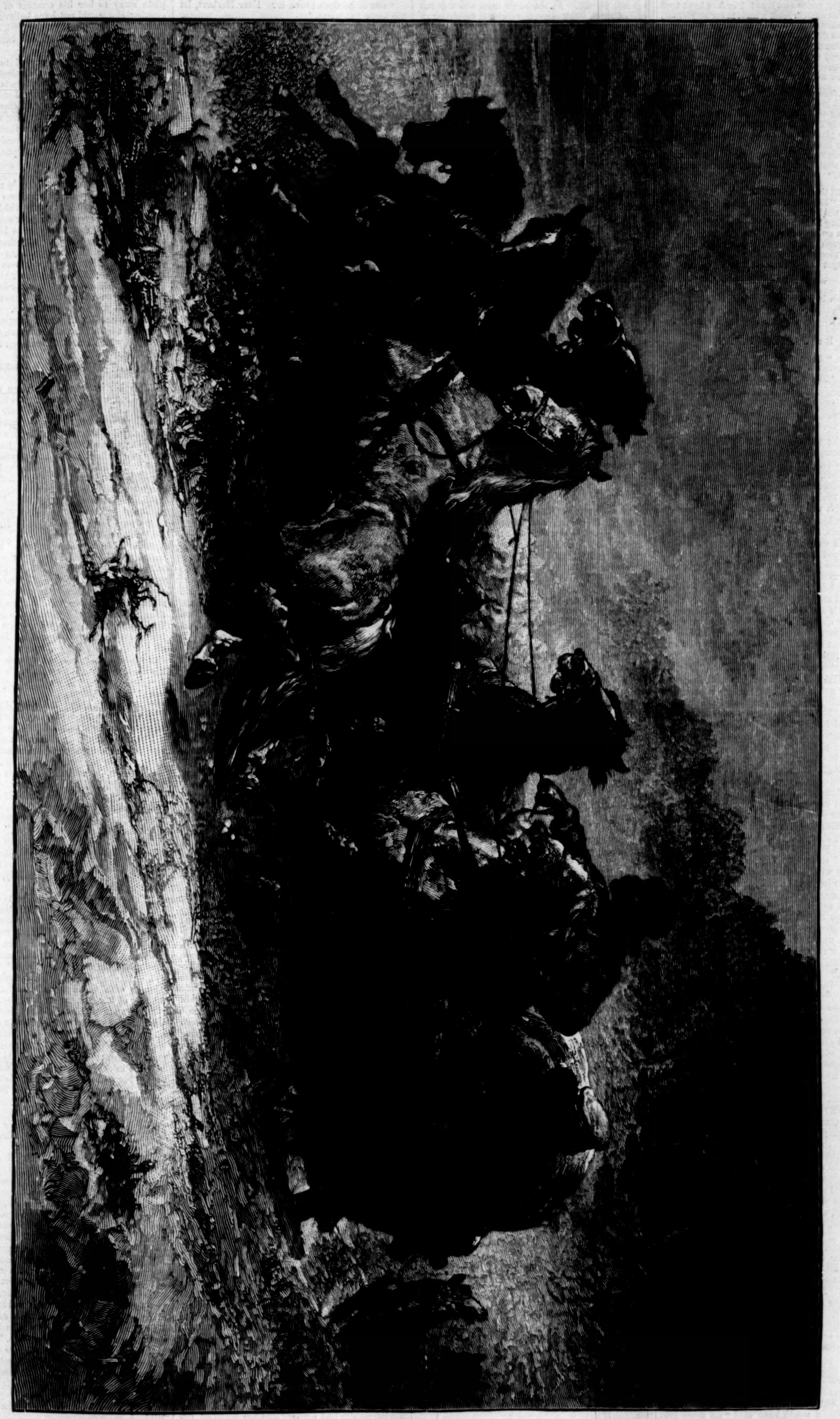


MEMORIAL SERVICE IN APPLETON CHAPEL, HARVARD COLLEGE.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION ENTERING MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY.

THE SCENE AT THE GRAVE.

THE FUNERAL OF HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.—From Sketches by Edmund H. Garrett.



"AN IMPERIAL COURIER IN SIBERIA."—From the Painting by Adolph Schreyer.—[See Page 220.]

LONGFELLOW.

Sweet Singer, peace and love! Thy feet have trod
Those clear calm heights where, in far ampler air,
The soul leans closer to the heart of God,
And hears diviner music everywhere.
And we from thee have learnt a nobler song,
Have found a larger hope in cares and fears:
Dear Poet-Preacher, thou hast made us strong.
To-day we wet thy name with loving tears.

To see thy face no more! No more! What then?
From still green woods and from the busy mart,
From loving women and from eager men,
And lonely lives, *thou* never wilt depart.
Round the glad hearth, or in the noisy street,
Or in the shadow of the new-made grave,
Slow journeying, with weary hearts and feet,
Lo! we shall hear thee sing, "Be strong and
brave."

But, oh, wilt thou forget? Though faint and dim,
'Mid that "New Song" of perfect peace and bliss,
Wilt thou not hear earth's little plaintive hymn,
A trembling human tone thou wouldst not miss?
For love is sweet, and earth is wondrous fair,
In the green spring, or in the gold September.
In all our pleasure, and in all our care,
If we forget not, oh, wilt thou remember?

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "From Exile," "Under One Roof," "Walter's Word," "Won—not Wooed," "What He Cost Her," etc.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A MENACE.

Until she now beheld her in Miss Darrell's drawing-room, Clare had never seen her half-brother's wife. Almost all she knew of her was from Herbert, who had described her as gentle and well-educated, and getting on comfortably enough at Stokeville, now that her lord and tyrant had left the place. But Clare had written to her very kindly so soon as she understood her true position, and Rachel had received her advances with warmth and gratitude, and by letter acknowledged them. Having been encouraged to write quite frankly about herself, she had done so. Most Stokeville girls of her class express themselves better on paper than *vivâ voce;* they are not bad scholars, and the rough, *gauche* manner which is the cloak of their independence is necessarily absent from the lettered page. She had told Clare of Herbert's kindness to her, of the trial that awaited her, and presently how she had gone through with it, with a description of the "little stranger."

If the child had not "clothed the father with a dearness not his due," its father's misconduct had certainly in no way prejudiced the mother against it. She had written of it—albeit if Gerald had had his way it would have been without a legal status—with a pride and tenderness that would have befitted the offspring of some pair wedded in Westminster Abbey, and who had had a royal duke for his sponsor. As Clare now entered the drawing-room, Rachel held the child out to her, as though it had been a palm branch; not, indeed, that any sign of peace or good-will were required between them, but simply because it was something she knew the other would be glad to see, even though a welcome might be wanting to herself. Nor was she disappointed. After an embrace of the young mother, which filled Rachel's eyes with pride and pleasure, Clare took the child in her arms and began to fondle it. If there was aught in the doctrine of heredity, he was bound to grow up her enemy. But of that she took no thought; her reflection, as the tendril-like fingers closed about her own, was, how doubtful it was that an infant so thin and fragile should grow up at all.

"Why, Rachel, the dear little fellow looks rather delicate."

"Yes, indeed, Miss Clare; but then"—with a nervous apprehension and eagerness that showed how her own apprehensions had been excited in that direction—"he has come a long journey, you see, for one so young."

"But why have you brought him up to London? Or, rather, why have you come yourself, since you two, I suppose, are inseparables?"

"Well, Miss Clare, it was bad news as brought me—news as come last night by post: news from my husband."

"Is he ill?"

"Worse, much worse than that, Miss Clare. He is coming home again to Stokeville."

"But I thought that Herbert—that is, my cousin Herbert Newton—had made Gerald promise that he would remain at least for some years out of England."

Clare had not been told of Gerald's attempt to murder his wife, but she knew that he had ill-treated her, and was in some way liable to legal punishment, under threat of which he had been got rid of.

"Promise!" echoed Rachel. "Heaven help the man or woman who trusts to Gerald Lyster's promise! I feel, for all that Mr. Newton said to the contrary, that I shall never be safe from him. But it was not on my own account that I have come here to-day, Miss Clare, but upon yours. From my husband's letter, though I don't rightly understand it, I feel sure he means mischief to you; and thinking that no time should be lost in providing against it, and fearing to trust this to the post, I came up to you at once."

"That was very kind and thoughtful of you, Rachel," said Clare, taking the letter from her hand; "but Gerald can do me no mischief that I am aware of."

Most people would have said "no more mischief," but it was not Clare's way to admit her own wrongs. In Rachel's presence, too, who was, after all, his wife, she was careful to say nothing against Gerald. At the same time, she was not one of those weak characters who in forgiving an enemy lose sight of his innate baseness, and imagine that their pardon not only condones the crime, but reforms the criminal. In her heart of hearts she knew that her father's son was a villain.

"Rachel," he wrote, in his beautiful, clerkly hand, "you will be surprised to hear that I am coming back to England. I had arranged, as you probably heard, to remain away for some time, but circumstances alter cases. I have been unfortunate in my speculations over here; but, on the other hand, things look brighter for me at home. My sister Clare will, I think, now perceive that it will be to her advantage to remember how near of kin I am to her. If she does not see this, she had better consult her cousin Herbert, who has a sharp eye for business. It seems Sir Peter, after all, had not. If his creditors knew of something that I could tell them, they would have cause to rub their hands. I am so plaguy hard up that I am coming by cargo ship, so that you will have plenty of time to make things pleasant for me with Clare beforehand. I shall arrive by the *Phœnix* at the port of London on the 10th of September, or thereabouts, and shall expect to find you with a good supply of cash. I write to you instead of to Clare because you know me better than she does, and will make her understand that when I say a thing I mean it. What I say now is that I intend to have my rights. Gerald Lyster."

"What does it all mean, Rachel?" inquired the bewildered Clare.

"Mischief, Miss Clare; of that I'm certain. As for the rest, I know nowt about it, except that he wants money. His heart is so set upon that," she added, bitterly, "that he does not even ask, you see, whether the child which he knew was coming into the world is alive or dead."

"This, then, is the first time you have heard from him?" said Clare, scarce knowing what she said. A vague sense of peril had seized hold of her. There was, however, one to advise her, and on whose sympathy and judgment she could rely in any case—a thing, indeed, to be thankful for; and as she looked upon poor Rachel, who had staked her all and lost it (as she herself had been so nearly doing), and had no such loving counsellor to whom to take her troubles, her breast was filled with pity.

"Yes, Miss Clare, it is the first time; nor should I have heard from him at all, but that, as you see, he wants something—something that I am to get for him out of you, and which I never *will* get for him. He may kill me if he pleases; that is, he might, if it were not for the child," she added, in a tone half tender, half apologetic; "but I will have no hand in hurting you. Perhaps Mr. Newton, who is so wise and kind, may know how to advise us."

"Stay," said Clare; "that is his knock at the door." (Clare knew that now, and could have recognized his step among ten thousand.) "He has come just in time."

"Heaven bless him!" cried Rachel. "He saved my baby boy."

"What! Rachel! No bad news, I hope?" were the first words that burst from Herbert's lips, as he shook hands with Clare's visitor.

"Yes, Mr. Herbert, my husband is coming home."

"He had better not!" was the stern reply.

Rachel put Gerald's letter in his hand, and whispered, with a shiver, "He is on his way already."

Herbert read it through very carefully, with knitted brows and lips tightly pressed together, as Clare had never before seen them.

"What does he mean?" she faltered. "What does he want of me?"

"What he has always wanted, and what he shall never get," answered Herbert, slowly—"hush-money."

"But, Herbert, I don't understand—"

"How should you, my darling," he interrupted, with a faint smile, "when the matter in question is extortion, and means perjury? Fortunately I have brought with me this morning the best of counsellors. Mr. Oldcastle is in town on business, and I persuaded him to look in and lunch. He is now having a *tête-à-tête* with Miss Darrell. While you finish your talk with Rachel I'll just run down and have a word with him about this."

"One moment, Herbert," interposed Clare, calmly, but with pale face; "this letter says, 'if Sir Peter's creditors knew of something that I could tell them, they would have cause to rub their hands.' Does that mean my creditors?"

"How can they be your creditors, when you are not in the firm?"

"Yes, but I remember when poor Sir Peter failed that some one said it was a good thing for me, as it had turned out, that dear papa's money was out of the business."

"Undoubtedly it was. If it had been there, it would have been lost; though it would have been very hard upon you, since you would have been the victim of reckless trading over which you would have had no control."

"And does not Gerald's letter imply that it was in the business, and not out of it, at the time that the firm failed? Pray tell me the truth, Herbert, the whole truth."

"My dear Clare, to extract truth from any words of Gerald's is an impossibility. I confess, however, it strikes me, as it does you, that he has some scheme in his mind—a fraudulent one, we may be sure—to place you, or rather to make believe to place you, in the position you describe."

"But why fraudulent, why make believe, Herbert? I know you thought the story Gerald told, and through which I became disconnected with the firm, untrue: now suppose he admits it was untrue?"

"Admits! What is his admission worth? or, for that matter, his oath either? Of course he must prove it."

"But if he does prove it? Dear Herbert, let me know the worst."

"If he does prove it—if judge and jury could be persuaded to believe a fellow already, by his own confession, perjured—then your fortune would become liable for the debts of the firm."

"In other words, I should thereby be penniless, Herbert."

"Nay, if you come to paraphrase," he answered, with a light laugh, "I should thereby obtain my heart's desire. My only objection to you is that, by comparison with myself, you are an heiress; that is," he put in hastily, "I take it for granted that you know I am as poor as Job."

Clare sighed, and inclined her head.

"What a lucky thing," thought Herbert, "that Miss Darrell has already told her! Well, so far it would be much more pleasant and of a piece, as it were, so far as I am concerned, that we should neither of us have a fortune; but for you it would be by no means so comfortable, and therefore I am not going to let you part with yours at this highwayman's 'Stand and deliver.'"

It was balm to Clare to hear her lover speak so lover-like and (what is very different) so truthfully; it was not, as she well knew, for her money that Herbert had wooed her, but, on the other hand, she stood in sore need of balm. The barb of a bitter disappointment had pierced her heart, and was rankling there; she already foresaw in that vague menace of her half-brother's the overthrow of her highest hopes. The promise she had held out to herself of becoming of material service to her future husband might now remain forever unfulfilled; his bride, in addition to her other short-comings, would now come to him empty-handed. Even the help that she had had in her mind to guarantee to Mildred it might be out of her power to bestow. For the first time she felt it possible that the estimate in which worldly wealth, or rather a sufficiency, was held by Nannie might not, after all, be an exaggerated one. At this moment, at all events, money was making for her all the difference between contentment and melancholy. As to Gerald, he had doubtless no other motive save to get it in all he did. He was a highwayman, as Herbert had said; yes, that was very true; and yet, though he had no right to what he demanded, it might not be the property of the wayfarer of whom he asked it.

In view of such a possibility, at all events, she could not chime in with Herbert's last confident remark; and, on the other hand, she shrank from arguing the question. It was one she felt she ought to look at face to face alone, and free from external pressure. "Come, Rachel," she said, abruptly, "it is high time you took your bonnet off; I will show you to my room."

For the first time in his life, perhaps, Herbert was not unwilling to escape from Clare's society; her apprehensions, since he had no power to allay them, troubled him; her questions he found it difficult to answer; and, above all, he was alarmed lest, from tenderness of conscience, she might come to some too hasty resolution, from which (as he knew by experience) no argument of self-interest would have force to move her a hair's-breadth.

Below-stairs long-headed Mr. Oldcastle and keen-sighted Miss Darrell were awaiting him; and he eagerly desired the benefit of their counsel under circumstances grave and menacing enough in any case, and which might even involve (however undeserved) both disgrace and ruin.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A BRIEF FRIENDSHIP.

Among the many things that turn out contrary to human expectation there are few more annoying than the missing fire of our good intentions; and this is specially the case as regards the subject of them. For as to the object, if that fails, it is only fortune that is to blame for it; we have done our best, and, if book-keeping is properly attended to in the celestial regions, have earned a good mark for ourselves in the angelic record; it is when the subject of our good-will turns out unsatisfactorily that we feel the shoe pinch. To Clare Lyster the opportunity (which at the time she imagined she possessed) of doing Mildred a good turn had been honestly welcome. There was, that is, no after-thought behind it (such as would have lurked in some female bosoms) of heaping coals of fire upon the head of her rival and enemy; no gratification in the fact that the husband Mildred had filched away from her had proved, after all, a bad bargain. She felt nothing but commiseration for her old playmate and companion's lot, and an eager desire to amend it. The extremity of Mildred's wretchedness had even invested her in Clare's eyes with certain attributes which she was far from possessing. The halo of misfortune had shed upon her that artificial light in which the ill-used appear innocent, and the poor deserving. To Clare, Mildred's revelation of the previous evening had seemed the outcome of desperation. Life, upon its present terms, she thought, had become intolerable to her, and if bitter experience had not taught her wisdom, it had, at least, opened her eyes to the worthlessness of those views of life she had formerly entertained. In all this she was mistaken. Mildred was one of those persons (alluded to by an ancient writer) from whom folly would never have departed, even though she had been brayed in a mortar. The sight of Clare's familiar face in the wide world of London had roused her in a moment of passionate impulse to lay bare her woes, and what had happened afterward had so excited her indignation that she had felt no regret for having done so. But with the morning had come repentance. Circumstances had in no way altered with her; passionately, madly, as she had once adored her husband, the time had gone by for the revival of any illusion concerning him; even if, for example, he had given himself the trouble, which he had not, to explain away to her his conduct of the previous evening, she would not have believed him on his oath. But for all that she felt, as respected Clare, that she had humiliated herself unnecessarily.

And yet she was not unused to humiliation. That very morning she had received a letter the contents of which to some minds would have seemed indeed to have plumbed the very depths of degradation. She had not shown it to her husband—she showed him nothing now—all confidence was at an end between them; but if she had done so, it is probable he would have manifested no annoyance, his views upon such matters being philosophic:

"Dear Mrs. Fibbert,—I deeply regret to hear the creditors of your father's firm are likely to gain possession of the property which, as you say, he obviously intended to be your security against any reverse of fortune such as has unhappily taken place. In case your apprehensions should be realized, I shall be very willing to guarantee to you the modest sum per annum you suggest. My own responsibilities are just now (as you may guess) considerable, and do not admit of my assisting you more materially; but to the allowance in question you are very welcome. With respect to the advisability of your taking up your quarters with the Burtons or elsewhere, that is a matter upon which I must be excused from offering an opinion.

"Yours, truly, Frank Farrer."

After her husband's departure that morning Mildred sat, with this letter before her, for a longer time than perhaps she had ever before given to serious reflection. She was not ignorant that the acceptance of her late lover's offer (which, however, as we have seen, she had herself invited) would be equivalent to separation from her husband. If she became Frank Farrer's pensioner, it was clear she would, so far as Percy was concerned, have burned her boats. But however suspicious matters might look—and the more suspicious they looked the better, since the more they would annoy her husband—Mildred had no design against his honor.

A little before the hour agreed upon, Mildred called in Bellingham Park. She was shown up to the drawing-room, whither Clare at once came down to meet her, with grave face. She was sorrowful as ever upon Mildred's account, and pained upon her own, since the pleasure she had promised to herself of assisting her might now lie out of her power. The two women embraced affectionately, the one because her feeling prompted her to do so, the other because her interest suggested it, and simulation (when passion had not the upper hand) was easy to her.

"Dear Mildred, are things any better with you?" asked Clare, gently.

"Better with me? How should they be better with me?" was the reply, in a tone the bitterness of which hardly concealed its impatience.

The mood of the previous night was over. She resented the other's compassion now, and was in no humor for her sympathy. If it had been possible, she would have taken Clare's money in her hand and left her without a word.

Poor Clare, who was not herself of a variable mind, was unable to understand this change of front.

"I thought, that is, I hoped," she faltered, "that you and your husband might have come to some sort of explanation. Oh, Mildred, I have been thinking so much about you! I do trust that you will do nothing hastily, and without counting the cost."

"The cost is just what I have to consider, and nothing else," returned Mildred, bitterly. "My one desire is to get away from this man, who, on the other hand, has no wish to retain me. You have heard of a marriage *de convenance.* Well, what I am about to effect is a separation *de convenance.* The only difficulty is the *de quoi.*"

The scoffing tone of this speech, the French phrases with which it was interlarded, and the manner of her companion filled Clare with a horror that seemed to freeze her powers of speech. Unconscious of the impression she was creating, and suspicious of the other's silence, it was with some acidity that Mildred continued: "You were good enough to say you would do your best to help me in this matter, Clare. You have not altered your mind, have you, since last night?"

"I have not altered my mind, Mildred, and I will do my best to help you," returned Clare, slowly, "but—"

She hesitated, not knowing how much it was wise to tell concerning Gerald's letter, and Mildred struck in, contemptuously:

"But you were going to say, I suppose, that you have consulted your friend the school-mistress in the mean time, and she has advised prudence, or the young gentleman from the railway works has given the signal for caution."

"Oh, Mildred, Mildred, how can you be so cruel, so unjust!" cried Clare. "It is quite true I spoke about you both to Herbert and Miss Darrell, but neither of them is, as you think, your enemy. I will help you all I can. I will indeed. My desire to do so is, Heaven knows, as strong as ever. But since last night a great misfortune has happened—or rather, I should say, threatens to happen—me. If it passes away, I will help you to the uttermost of my power; if it does not pass away, I shall be powerless to help even myself, for I shall lose every farthing I possess."

It was impossible to disbelieve Clare as she spoke those words. Even the habitual liar, to whom the very aspect of truth from within has been forgotten, can recognize it—from without—in another.

"Dear! dear! that is very unfortunate," said Mildred.

Her tone was full of sincere regret, for she was thinking of the matter as it affected herself and not her companion; indeed, so intense was her egotism, that, fortunately for Clare, she had not the curiosity to inquire how the peril to the other's fortunes had been brought about; indeed, being "Stokeville born," the sudden change from competence to poverty did not, perhaps, strike her as being particularly striking or abnormal.

"Most unfortunate," continued Mildred, wondering within herself whether Mr. Farrer's allowance could be made to "do," unsupplemented from Clare's purse, "and most inopportune. I can see you are really sorry that you can't help me," she added, graciously; "on the other hand, it is a great disappointment."

"It is to *me*, I assure you, dear Mildred. For myself I may truly say I trust it is only a pleasure deferred. There is the luncheon bell—bad as my news is, I hope it has not spoiled your appetite."

"I don't think I'll lunch with you to-day, my dear," said Mildred, who had not relished the idea of the society of "the old school-mistress," as she called her, from the first, and had only persuaded herself to submit to it on the ground, no longer existing, that it was worth her while.

"Oh, Mildred, but I hope you will," pleaded Clare; "for we quite expected you, you know, and Miss Darrell has been at such pains to provide what I told her you used to like. As it happens, too, there are some of your old Stokeville friends here—Herbert and Mr. Oldcastle—and there's poor Rachel, too—"

"What? You surely don't mean Rachel Warden?" exclaimed Mildred, contemptuously.

"Yes; there is nothing against her, poor thing, that I am aware of."

"Nothing against her! Why, she was a mill hand, was she not?"

"What if she was?"

"Well, I don't like mill hands," Mildred answered, insolently. "At all events, I am not going to sit down at the same table with Rachel Warden."

"She is not Rachel Warden. She is my half-brother's wife."

"To be sure. I had forgotten she had made such a fool of him as *that*. No, I don't think I care to enlarge my circle of acquaintance in that direction, thank you."

Clare, being a true gentlewoman, did not forget that Mildred was her guest, and only answered, coldly enough, indeed, but without the least sign of temper, "As you please, Mildred."

Whereupon that young lady gathered up her train, and hitching it through her arm (exactly as the devil carries his tail in the old pictures), put up her painted cheek to Clare's pure lips, and, with an *au revoir* and a false smile, took her leave.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EASTER.

O EARTH, forget thy winter; O Nature, bud and bloom,
And clothe the slopes with greenness that late were hung with gloom.
O clustered Easter lilies, your gleaming censers lift,
Forth comes the mighty Victor, the rocky tomb to rift.
O gentle Easter angels, be swift to greet the day
When from the guarded chamber the stone is rolled away,
And Christ the King steps onward, with Death beneath him dead,
And leads His ransomed homeward, with glory on His head.

Three days ago they laid Him, all pulseless, on the bier;
The thorn-marked brow was pallid; their hearts stood still in fear.
Three days of solemn stillness, three days of grief sublime—
A pause when seraphs waited to hear the throbs of Time.

And now? No burst of music, as when a Babe He came,
Though heaven is thrilled with rapture, and cherub-anthems flame.
In soundless flight on sweeping, the shining ones descend
To give our earth the key-note of songs that shall not end.

What though there are who listen in vain for voices hushed,
What though there are who languish o'er sweet hopes early crushed,
Still peal the Easter chorals adown the lonely years,
And yet the Easter promise hath solace for our tears.

The Christ for us hath conquered our one relentless foe,
Our vanished ones forever with Him are safe, we know.
O fragrant Easter lilies, like tapers fair ye stand,
To light the silent portals that guard the deathless land.

Haste, gentle Easter angels, who rolled the stone away,
Come melt our loveless spirits, shame unbelief this day,
And help us tread it under our footsteps as we sing
The joyous hymns of Easter around our risen King.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

SMUGGLERS' DOGS AND OTHER ANIMALS.

"SHOCKING thing, this telegram," said a friend yesterday, as he put down the *Herald*, "about these dogs in Mexico."

"Dogs in Mexico?" I asked. "What is the matter with the dogs in Mexico?"

"Why," said my friend, "they are training them to carry contraband goods over the customs line, and to evade the frontier duties; that's what's the matter with the dogs in Mexico. In my opinion it's shocking."

"Well," I replied, "I agree with you that it is immoral, in a general way, to evade lawful demands, but I think that if I ever felt a sneaking kind of sympathy for any class of criminals, it is smugglers. Now only last trip my wife managed to—"

"Oh," broke in my friend, "never mind your wife. Why, I admire smuggling just as much as you do, and it's only six months ago that *my* wife did the same. It is not *that* that is shocking; it is the immorality of teaching dogs to be as dishonest as men, that I object to. Just listen to this;" and he took up the paper again and began to read. "'The dogs that are taught to run the blockade have the contraband goods strapped on to their backs, and are then told to "go home." Having been carefully shown the way once or twice before, the dog goes off at once, and displays the utmost sagacity in eluding the customs men. He recognizes them at any distance, and rather than risk passing within gunshot of a suspicious-looking person, will travel to his destination by a circuitous route. But the extraordinary thing is this, that when the dog is coming back empty-handed, so to speak, he comes straight through the town, and doesn't even mind calling in by the way on his canine acquaintances who live in the custom-house yard.' Now, sir"—and he put down the *Herald* again—"I call that shocking. Here are these poor dogs being hopelessly demoralized to the level of a Mexican. Why, you see they have already learned to distinguish between right and wrong, and understand the *meaning* of 'being dishonest'! What right, I want to know, have we men and women got to deprave dumb animals, to educate them in wrong-doing, or to corrupt their original natures? When it is done by accident, I don't mind so much, as the other day with those geese over at Apfel."

"The geese over at Apfel?" I put in. "I didn't hear of that."

"Didn't you? It's a sad story, all the same. Why, an old farmer's wife was preserving some peaches in spirits, and finding the mess had gone wrong, she emptied the pan out of the window into the yard. As it happened, her geese were going by at the time, and seeing her throw something out to them, as they thought, they ate up all the brandy-peaches on the spot. In about five minutes they were all as drunk as Noah, and the old lady, hearing the noise, looked out to see what was the matter, and there, to her astonishment, she saw her misguided poultry behaving as if they were mad. The old gander, usually as solemn and grand as a sergeant-major, was balancing himself on his beak, and spinning round all the time as if he was a mop-head trying to dry itself. And the old goose, as a rule the discreetest of birds, was lying stomach upward in the gutter, feebly gesticulating with her legs. For the rest of the geese, they were all lying in a heap out by the pig-sty in a helpless confusion of feathers. The old lady could not think what to make of it; so she called in the neighbors, and they, good souls, told her straight out of hand that the birds *had died of poison*. So they all set to, then and there, as next day was market-day, and plucked the whole lot as bare as the palm of your hand. Early next morning the dame comes down, intending to take the feathers to market to sell, but meaning before she went to bury the bodies. So she takes the shovel, and out she goes. And there on the door-step, with headaches like so many Christians, but not a feather between them all, stood all her plucked geese! Not a word did they say; but they just stood and looked at her. It was a painful situation, wasn't it?"

I assented, and he proceeded.

"She knew she had done wrong in judging so hastily. Here were geese shivering on the door-step. There in the corner was the bag full of their feathers. But what could she do? She tried to stick some of the feathers on with paste, but they clammed up, and would not lie flat. And then she tried glue, but what with the tears running out of her eyes, and the goose jumping every time she dropped a drop of hot glue on it, she made no way at all. And the rest stood round all the time waiting for their feathers, thinking the dame was sure to put them on again soon. But they never said a word, and this only made her cry the more. If they had abused her, it would have been a kind of relief. Or even if they had asked for a lemonade, it would have given her a chance of doing something. But as it was, she could do nothing but go on crying and dropping the hot glue on to the goose in hand. But after a bit the goose would not stand it any longer, and went off with just the few feathers which the dame had got to stick on, and the rest all followed. They were disgusted; that's what they were—*disgusted*. She made them flannel jackets afterward; but that did not calm them. They had been used to trust in her, to eat whatever she gave them without any suspicion, to come round her of an evening to be stroked and let into their roosting-place, to look upon her as a friend. But now they would not trust her for a cent. Hadn't she made them drunk, and then taken advantage of their condition to pluck them, and hadn't she refused to give them back their feathers again? After that there was no confidence to be placed in her, or in any other human. And though their feathers grew again, those geese are the wildest, scariest, uncatchablest geese in all Apfel."

"That is indeed," I said, when he came to a stop, "a very deplorable episode."

"And then," continued my friend, warming to the subject, "what right have we to go grumbling at lions that eat up their keepers? Just see what we men do. In Belgium, for instance, they harness a dog to a cart, and try to make him believe that he is a donkey. The dog can't do that—not altogether; at any rate, not a first-class donkey. But he does forget that he was once a first-class dog. He gets mulish and sulky and stupid, and ends up by being neither dog nor donkey. Again, have you ever seen those performing cats that let canaries go hopping about their heads as if they didn't know that canaries were cats'-meat? I don't like it. It isn't good for little birds to think nothing of cats, nor for cats to respect little birds. They ought to eat them straight off; not fool about in a show with them. And yet we expect lions not to eat keepers when they get the chance! Now suppose you get a well-grown, healthy boy, and shut him up in a cage, and let him get ravenous, and then put a pie into his cage. What would you expect him to do? Would you expect to see him hand it you back through the bars, or pretend not to notice it, or to sit upon it, or play foot-ball with it? *No*, you wouldn't. You would expect to see him go for the pie like mad, and begin to eat it. Well, then, when a hungry old lion happens to look round, and sees a whole man inside his cage, why should you be vexed if he doesn't understand the situation, and helps himself to the man? It's all very well for you to say that the keeper wasn't put inside the cage to be eaten, but only to clean out the cage, or do something or other. But the lion was not told that. Things were not explained to him properly. And the construction he puts on the circumstance is not the least discreditable to him; and I only hope keepers don't disagree with lions when they *do* eat them. I hate to see the natures of animals corrupted, or the animals abused for being natural either."

"Perhaps you are right," said I; "but I am not sure that it is quite fair to 'the animals' for men and women to monopolize all the vices."

PHIL ROBINSON.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

THE rise and progress of the Rothschilds is certainly the most remarkable chapter in the personal romance of business. The old Judengasse of Frankfort, though it has always teemed with shrewd and scheming brains, never sent forth a more quick-witted lad than the progenitor of the line of mighty millionaires. Beginning as an errand-boy, we believe, and raising himself steadily, he made many losses as well as profits in his time; but he was never known to miss an opportunity. He possessed dash, prudence, and extraordinary calculating powers in an almost perfectly balanced combination. The pet of Fortune, he never presumed on her favors; and the troubled times in which his lot was cast marvellously served his extraordinary sagacity.

Europe was convulsed from one end to the other, and the funds everywhere were rising and falling with the changing fortunes of successive campaigns. Rumor, with its innumerable tongues, was mingling truth with falsehood in almost inextricable confusion, and making the wildest forecasts of probabilities. At first Rothschild felt his way cautiously with an extraordinary tact. With constant practice his tact developed into a genius which seized the occasions for its exercise when less prudent men stood hesitating, and so missed the golden chance. As his speculations turned steadily to gains, he played his game with increasing assurance, by securing exclusive and early information. When once a man can make his game upon certainties, his gains are only to be measured by his credit. And the daring speculator's reputation for probity kept pace with his financial successes. Never did a life better point the moral that honesty is the best policy than that of the original Rothschild.

When half the princes of Europe were running for their lives, to borrow Mr. Bright's kindly observation on the troubles of the Irish landlords, more than one of these potentates, like the Prince of Hesse, intrusted the shrewd Hebrew with the treasures they had to abandon. Though there were no legal means of "checking his intromissions," he accounted for everything to the uttermost farthing. No doubt he was richly paid by commission, as he deserved to be; but his best reward was in the character for integrity which has been bequeathed to his representatives and successors. Yet though Rothschild was scrupulously upright in his dealings, he is said to have been formidable to remorselessness. He went ordinarily on the principle of "live and let live"; nor was the leviathan known to have done any injury to the smaller fish who did not wantonly interfere with him. But no aspiring rival ever directed an attack on him without having bitter cause to repent it.

Tales are told of the fatal though legitimate traps laid by the long-headed old man as he stood under his favorite pillar. For a brief season the course of the stock markets would seem to have turned against him, and the securities it was his interest to "bull" would be handed over to the mercies of the "bears." The turn of the markets was only delusive: when his adversaries were fairly involved, at a considerable temporary sacrifice, the many strings he pulled would mysteriously tighten, and the exulting gang of enemies would be "cornered" and crushed.

Bon chien chasse de race; and it is remarkable how the heirs of the family have taken after their founder. Their Jewish blood may have had something to do with it, and the pride of a position absolutely unique. Baron James, who died not long ago in middle age, was one of the rare exceptions. He loved the arts for their own sakes, in place of simply patronizing them as one of the duties attaching to a millionaire's position. But even in Baron James the hereditary instincts came out so far that he attended assiduously to the business he never cared about.

The Rothschilds till lately have married among themselves, keeping their vast accumulations in the family, and making the firm a close corporation; while no one of them seems to have been tempted by the possession of unlimited means to fritter away his time and talents in dissipation. Nor are their habits of steady application in any way surprising, for setting aside their natural business aptitudes, the interest of such a connection as theirs must be almost inconceivable. Not only are they colossal financiers, but necessarily cosmopolitan politicians on the grandest scale. Before now they have put their veto on a European war by closing their strong-boxes to an emperor's application. If funds are indispensable to the regeneration of a struggling country, and to the pleasant understanding of the powers who are concerned in its fortunes, it is the Rothschilds who are appealed to for the necessary advance. When once an appeal of the kind is made, they are very much masters of the delicate situation. Should they decline for any reason, when the refusal is published minor capitalists are shy of entertaining proposals which are already prejudiced in the opinion of the public. Should they accept, their very name launches the loan handsomely.

THE KAISER'S FAVORITE FLOWER.

THAT the blue-bottle (also called bachelor's-button) is the favorite flower of the Emperor of Germany is a well-known fact. The reason why this simple field flower should be preferred by him to other and much finer ones may not be so well known. On the occasion of a small festivity given at Königsberg, the Emperor's mother, Queen Louise, appeared in the presence of several French generals, sent by Napoleon I. to the unhappy Prussian King, in a very simple white dress, wearing some of these flowers in her hair and a small bunch of them in her corsage, much to the astonishment of the rude warriors, who did not hesitate to exchange in a loud whisper derogatory remarks about the plainness of her toilet. Turning with an indescribably sad yet dignified smile to the generals, the Queen said: "Ever since your horses have trodden down our corn-fields, gentlemen, these pretty wild flowers may well be counted among the rare treasures of my unhappy country."

That scene and the flowers connected with it belonged henceforth to the Emperor's sad but sweet reminiscences of his youthful days. When, shortly before the battle of Friedland, Queen Louise had once more to flee from Königsberg to Memel, the carriage in which she travelled with her two eldest sons, Princes Frederick William and William, lost a wheel on the road. They were obliged to alight, and being far away from any habitation, to sit down by the side of the deserted road while the damage was repaired. The little princes, being tired and very hungry, loudly bewailed their fate to the dejected mother, who did not know how to appease the wants of her children. The young and delicate Prince William in particular clung beseechingly to his dearly beloved parent, who finally rose from her grassy seat and culled blue-bottles in the adjacent fields, encouraging the two boys to follow her example. With the flowers thus plucked she twined wreaths, which occupation the princes looked on with great curiosity and interest.

The feeling of helplessness and the thought of the unhappy condition of her family, her country, and the future of the sons by her side brought tears to the mother's eyes—hot tears, which slowly trickled upon the flowers she held in her hands. Prince William, deeply touched, threw his arms round her neck, and tried to comfort her with his child-like caresses, which brought a sweet smile on the maternal face and lips, and won for the irresistible comforter a wreath of the blue flowers upon his ten-year-old curly head. This touching road-side scene, Prince, now Emperor, William, has never forgotten. On every corn-flower (this being the German name) he still thinks he sees the glitter of a maternal tear. Hence his fondness for them. Still it is not the flower alone he loves; he has also a great partiality for its color. A peculiar construction of the Emperor's eyes causes this particular shade of blue to strike it more pleasingly than any other, to such a degree, in fact, as to render him almost indifferent, nay, insensible, to all other colors. This is also the reason why he likes to surround himself with this his favorite shade, and the ladies of his court have long made it a point to appear on festive occasions in blue toilets, which not only produce an agreeable effect upon his sight, but also upon his mood, imparting to the latter that happy tinge of cheerfulness and amiability which have long become proverbial in his case.

EASTER APPLE BLOSSOMS.

NEVER a prettier maiden tripped home from church on the blessed Christmas morning than winsome Celestine Odea. Her sweet bright face, encircled by the fur-lined hood of her scarlet cloak, was almost as brown as a gypsy's; her large tender eyes were quite as brown as the hazel-nut when it first falls from the tree at Autumn's bidding; and her hair, rippling over her low forehead nearly to her lovely arched eyebrows, with here and there a glint of gold appearing and disappearing in the most delightfully unexpected manner, was browner than either. And with all this wealth of warmest brown was mingled a wealth of glowing crimson, tinting the small chin and the tips of the little ears with a faint hue like that which the early orchard flowers know, but making the softly rounded cheeks and prettily curved mouth to rival in beauty of color the summer's red, red rose. She was a poor little maiden, the only child of a widowed mother, this charming Celestine; but Miss Pauline Stahl, the rich farmer's daughter, albeit just returned from a fashionable boarding-school, was not half so graceful—nay, nor half so refined—as she. The sound of Pauline's voice floated back to her, as she hastened homeward this frosty, sunny Christmas morn, from the sleigh in which the farmer's daughter and the handsome young gentleman visiting at the farmer's house drove by. It was a merry sound. "And so it should be," thought Celestine. "She is rich, and almost a beauty, and has a dear father as well as a dear mother to care for and love her. And oh! what a splendid lover she has!—for I suppose he is her lover. They make a fine pair, both of the same height (I wish I were a few inches taller), though I think it would be better if she were a little darker. She is almost as fair as he, but his hair is brighter, and his eyes are a darker blue. He has heaven-born eyes."

From all of which it will be seen that our gypsy-faced maiden must have studied the face of the stranger thoroughly, shy as had been the few glances she had cast his way as he sat opposite her in the village church. "Heigho!" the girl sighed, still communing with herself as she rapidly left the dainty tracks of her little feet on the crisp white snow. "I wonder if any one will ever come a-courting me—any one, I mean, that I should like to come a-courting." And then she blushed, and threw a quick glance about her as though a thought could be heard, and if it could have been, be heard by the occupants of a sleigh a mile away, or any of the various friends and neighbors who had turned into the lanes and roads leading to their homes, leaving her the single figure in the landscape—for hers was the last cottage on the road from the church. Bruno, the big dog, flew to meet her at the garden gate; and pausing a moment under the leafless branches of the old apple-tree to pat his shaggy head, she suddenly remembered the quaint superstition of which her mother had told her the night before, how the young girls in that part of sunny France from which her grandmother came were wont to pluck tiny apple boughs on Christmas morning, place them in flasks of water, and hang them in the windows of their own rooms, to be watched eagerly until the Easter drew near, and then if but one apple blossom came to gladden the sight of her who watched, so surely would she be a bride before the year was out; and, standing on tiptoe, she broke a slender branch from the tree, and carried it, hid beneath her scarlet cloak, to her cheerful cozy room beneath the cottage eaves. Here she took the only pretty flask she had (Tom Pray had given it to her, filled with rose perfume, for a New-Year's gift, two years before), and filling it with clear soft water from the pitcher on her table, she planted the bough therein, and swung it with a silken cord between the snow-white curtains of her window. On this window (it faced the south) the sunshine fell almost all day, and gleamed and glowed and rainbowed in the cut-glass flask, and warmed and cheered the lonely wee branch, until, forgetting its parent tree, it began to grow and bud, and lo and behold! the very day before Easter, a subtle fragrance floated through the attic, and the buds had burst into delicate pink-white blossoms.

Away went Celestine with the flask in her hand to seek the mother from whom she had never kept a thought since first she could give thought speech.

The widow, a brisk, bright-eyed body, proof of whose French origin was to be found in every irregular feature of her dark face, was kneading the bread in the kitchen—a pleasant room that opened on the back porch. Outside in the garden the fowls were crowing and clucking, and every now and then a strong breeze swept through the branches of the oak by the kitchen door, and entering the room by the open window, caught the cap strings of the bread-maker and made them to float like streamers upon the air.

Celestine hastened to close the window and set the door a little ajar instead, as her mother, looking up from her work, said, smilingly: "What have you been doing so long, lazy one? Why have you not come to the help of your poor old mother before?"

"Poor old mother!" repeated the girl with a merry laugh. "You are younger and brighter this moment than your daughter. But see, mother dear, one, two, three apple blossoms, and there need be but one. I am sure to be a bride before the year is gone."

"And are you so glad of that, Tina?" asked the mother, with mock reproach. "So glad to think of leaving me and the dear old cottage where you were born? And pray who is to be the bridegroom?"

"I shall not leave you, and I do not want to leave the cottage. And who the bridegroom is to be I haven't the slightest idea," replied Tina, with another merry laugh. "There is no one in this place I should ever care to have for a sweetheart, not even Tom Pray, poor fellow, who has been so kind to me for many years—since we were children together. Oh, mother, if I could only dare to dream of a lover like Pauline's! He was at church with her again yesterday, and I peeped at him a long while over my prayer-book."

"That was a naughty thing to do," interrupted her mother.

"Yes, mother, but I hope to be forgiven for it," said Celestine, demurely. "And oh, mother, he looked even handsomer than he did on Christmas morning! He has lovely eyes, and they are full of goodness—just such eyes as Bruno would trust the moment he looked up into them. And his smile, mother, is like the smile of the saint in your favorite picture. They look well together, he and Pauline, but it would be better, I think, if she were not quite so fair."

"That objection could not apply to you, Tina," said her mother, mischievously, as she gave the big loaf a last poke or two, and dropped it into the baking-pan.

"To me, mother?" laughed the girl. "Ah, no! But there are many much more serious objections to me: I am poor; I am not pretty; I am not accomplished. So fine a gentleman would never give *me* a thought, nor should I be bold enough to think of him except as of anything else beautiful the good God hath made. I view him with my father's eyes—the eyes of an artist. Did the apple blossoms ever prove false, mother? It seems hard to believe that such innocent, lovely things could. But in my case I fear—"

A sharp rap at the kitchen door broke in upon her speech, and stepping to it, with the flask holding the apple bough still in her hand, she opened it wide. In one instant her whole face glowed with the crimson of her cheeks and lips, for there stood he of the "lovely eyes" and "the smile of a saint."

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I have been knocking for some ten minutes at the front door, and because of the wind, I suppose—which sounds more like a March than an April wind—could not make myself heard. So I ventured around this way. You are Mrs. Odea?" addressing the widow, who was vainly trying to brush the flour from her hands with her gingham apron.

"I am. Won't you come in, sir?" she answered.

"No, thank you, not now. I have called to request your presence at Mr. Stahl's to-morrow morning at ten. You will be needed as a witness in his suit against his neighbor Abel Stowe, in which I am retained." And replacing his hat, he handed her a card, and disappeared almost as suddenly as he came.

"'Sylvester Parmenter, Counsellor-at-Law,'" read Celestine. "Perhaps he's not her lover, after all. But oh, mother, how long do you think he had been at that door?"

But that she never found out until the morning of her wedding day, when Sylvester said to her: "The apple blossoms did not prove false, darling; but they might have done so, if in my case the old adage, 'Listeners hear no good of themselves,' had proved true."

WINTER TRAVEL IN SIBERIA.

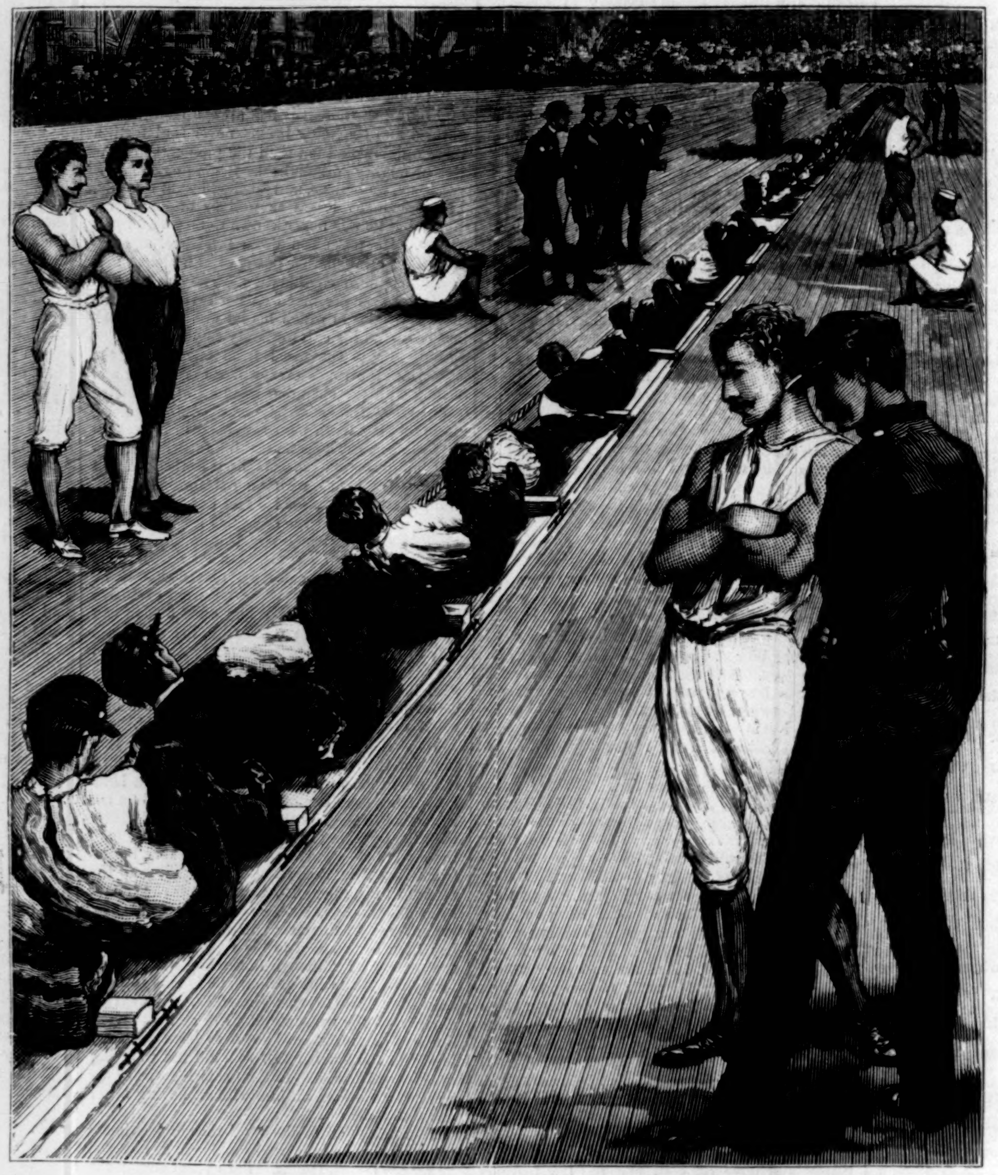
SUCH a deep public interest is felt in the fortunes of Lieutenant DE LONG and his brave followers that the subject of arctic travel and of the experiences of explorers in the trackless wilds of Northern Siberia has acquired a new fascination for the general reader. The oft-recited adventures of CABOT, FROBISHER, WRANGEL, SCORESBY, PARRY, ROSS, FRANKLIN, HALL, KANE, and NARES are eagerly re-read, together with all attainable accounts of the Siberia of our own time, and the vicissitudes that attend even the best-ordered travel in that abandoned country.

The Tartar is a furious horseman; his life is a perpetual gallop, a picturesque and exciting dash, in which his horse seems to partake equally with himself of the intoxication of the hour, and to be in some degree part and parcel of his master's existence. These Russian horses are splendid beasts while they last, of great brawn and sinew, and fine demeanor, wild and powerful of action, but obedient and submissive to their riders. M. SCHREYER depicts them with great force and picturesqueness, and with a fine apprehension of their noblest qualities. He paints fine horses, however, and seldom shows us the sorry nags of the Cossack post routes, which are as bad as any there are, and perhaps the worst treated of all.

THE SEVENTH'S ATHLETIC CLUB.

THE Seventh Regiment Athletic Club played a splendid run of games at the Armory on Saturday evening, March 25, before a large and fashionable audience. The hall was brilliantly lighted, and excellent music was furnished by the regimental band under the leadership of Professor CAPPA. The manager was WALDO SPRAGUE; the judges, Major RICHARD ALLISON and Captains JAMES C. ABRAMS, JAMES L. PRICE, and DANIEL APPLETON; and the starter was WALTER G. SCHUYLER. The referee was Lieutenant-Colonel GEORGE MOORE SMITH. The one-mile walk, in which there were nine contestants, was won by B. W. ANDERSON in 8 minutes and 42 seconds, with J. H. CROLE second. A quarter-mile run followed between eleven contestants, in two heats, won by W. M. BALLARD in 54⅘ seconds, and H. E. ZITTEL in 69½ second. The final heat was won by BALLARD in 64 seconds. The third race was a one-mile run with eleven entries. It was won by G. COLYER in 5 minutes and 18 seconds, with H. S. CLARK second. A three-legged race of fifty yards was the humorous event of the evening. It was between twelve pairs of men, and was won by W. D. PRESTON and G. R. PRESTON in 7½ seconds, with E. F. YOUNG and A. M. HEARN second. A dash of ninety yards followed, in three heats, with twenty-one entries. The first heat was won by F. T. CURTIS in 11 seconds; the second by C. E. SCHUYLER in 10¼ seconds, and the third by W. G. MORSE in 11¼ seconds. The final heat was won by G. R. PRESTON in 10½ seconds. A potato race of twenty yards, with nine entries, was won by W. D. PRESTON, with J. W. CARTER second. A sack race of fifty yards, between four men, created considerable amusement. It was won by E. E. SAGE. In a bicycle race of three miles, J. N. STEARNS won first heat in 13 minutes and 5 seconds, and FRANCIS E. DAVIDSON the second in 11 minutes and 20 seconds. The final heat was won by J. N. STEARNS in 10 minutes and 18½ seconds. It is noteworthy that of the eight races members of Company "I" won five.

Two well-contested tugs of war closed the evening's entertainment. Companies B and F competed for the prizes for the best 600 pounds team, and after a determined struggle, the former proved the winner by 20 inches. The last performance was the tug between fifteen men from the right wing and an equal number from the left. The right started out bravely, and soon had a foot of their opponents' rope across the line. This was slowly hauled back again, all but an inch of it, by which distance the men from the right wing were declared the winners. A picture of the final struggle is given on this page.



THE TUG OF WAR AT THE SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMORY.

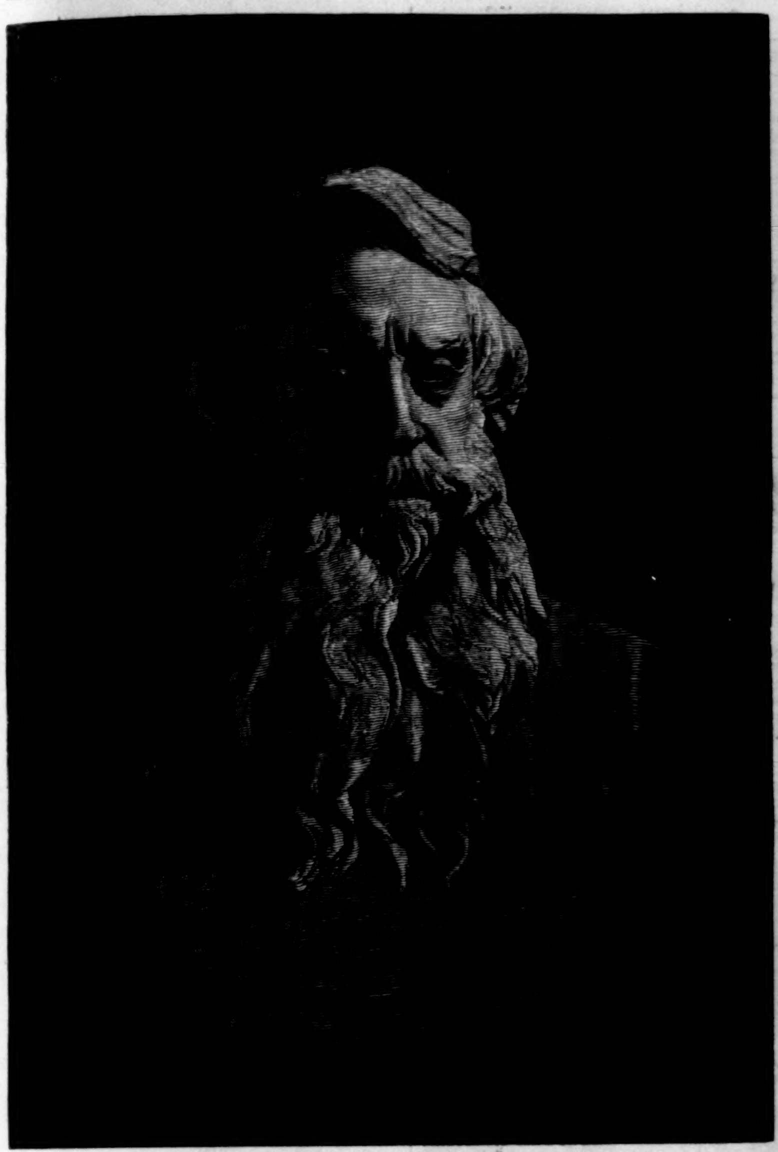
THE SPRING ART EXHIBITIONS.

THAT there is a very marked growth in the public interest in domestic art is shown by the attention that the different exhibitions attract. The attendance is unprecedented, the pictures are more seriously considered, and the prices paid for them are larger than ever before in the history of our local art institutions. It is a very healthy sign of the times, and the substantial encouragement to the artists which it implies will at no distant date show itself in the most gratifying results. A practical belief in the future of American art, and a disposition to stimulate its development, have not been conspicuous traits of American picture-buyers. For the most part, they have imbibed a prejudice against it so strong as to make them incapable of appreciating its real merits, and it is only of late years that the education that has been unconsciously derived from the influence of the foreign works has forced upon the picture-loving class the conviction that the art of our own country deserves recognition also. The experience of our late exhibitions shows that the work of young and wholly unknown American artists is promptly bought on its merits, and at very fair prices. Than this there could be no more wholesome or effective stimulant to their development and progress.

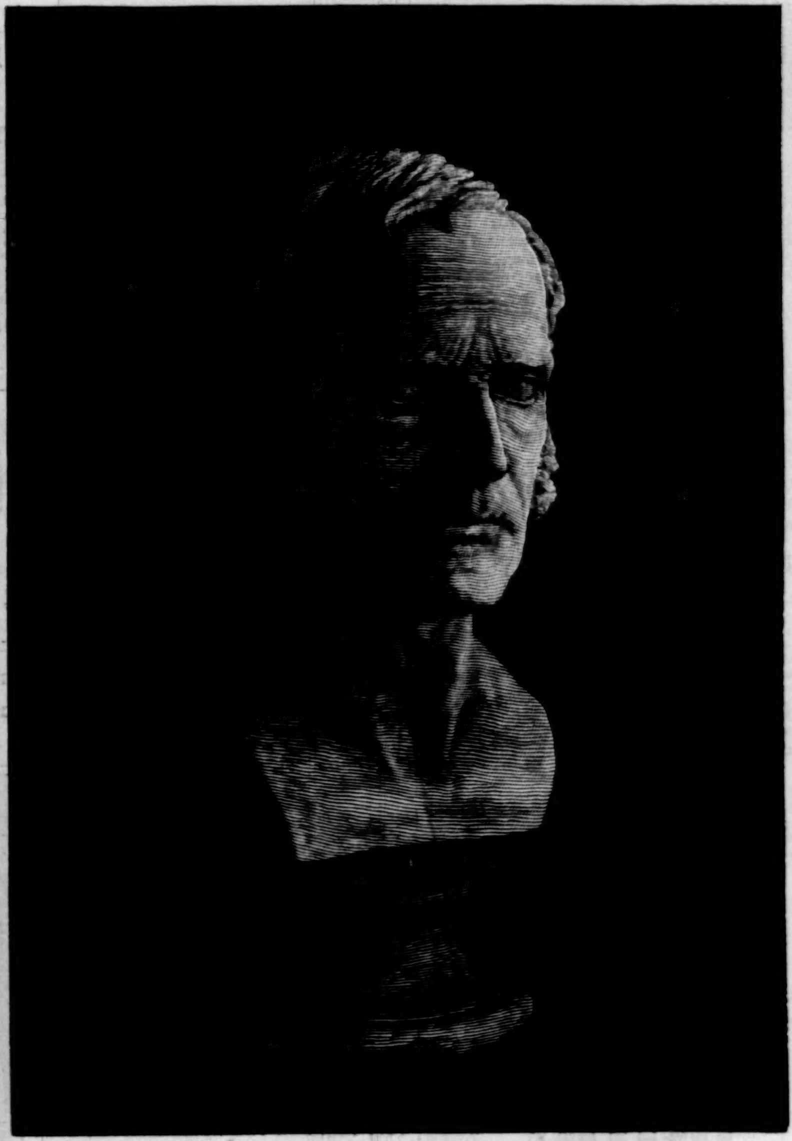
At present there are two exhibitions before the public, that of the National Academy of Design, and that of the Society of American Artists. The former is the parent and conservative body, from which the latter is a sturdy and adult offshoot. The Academy collection is the largest it has ever exhibited, and is crowded daily with visitors, who betray the deepest interest in it, and are quite as vigorous and outspoken in their likes and dislikes as if they were working members and personal adherents of the different schools that claim supremacy.

The public feeling about pictures has undergone a great change within a very few years. The rapidity with which a sound general knowledge of pictures has been diffused is almost incredible, and an observant habitué of our exhibitions finds that the quality of the criticism and the direction and nature of the interest manifested are wholly different from what they formerly were. It is no longer the merely literary or narrative quality nor the obvious sentimentalism that elicits the warmest admiration in a picture. The chiefest consideration is paid to the deeper and more subtle qualities that underlie its conception—its treatment, its simplicity, and its truth. In other words, the distinction is made without hesitation between the purely imitative and the creative quality of the work. The higher standard of criticism is keenly felt by the artists. They are fully alive to it, but encouraged by it rather than daunted.

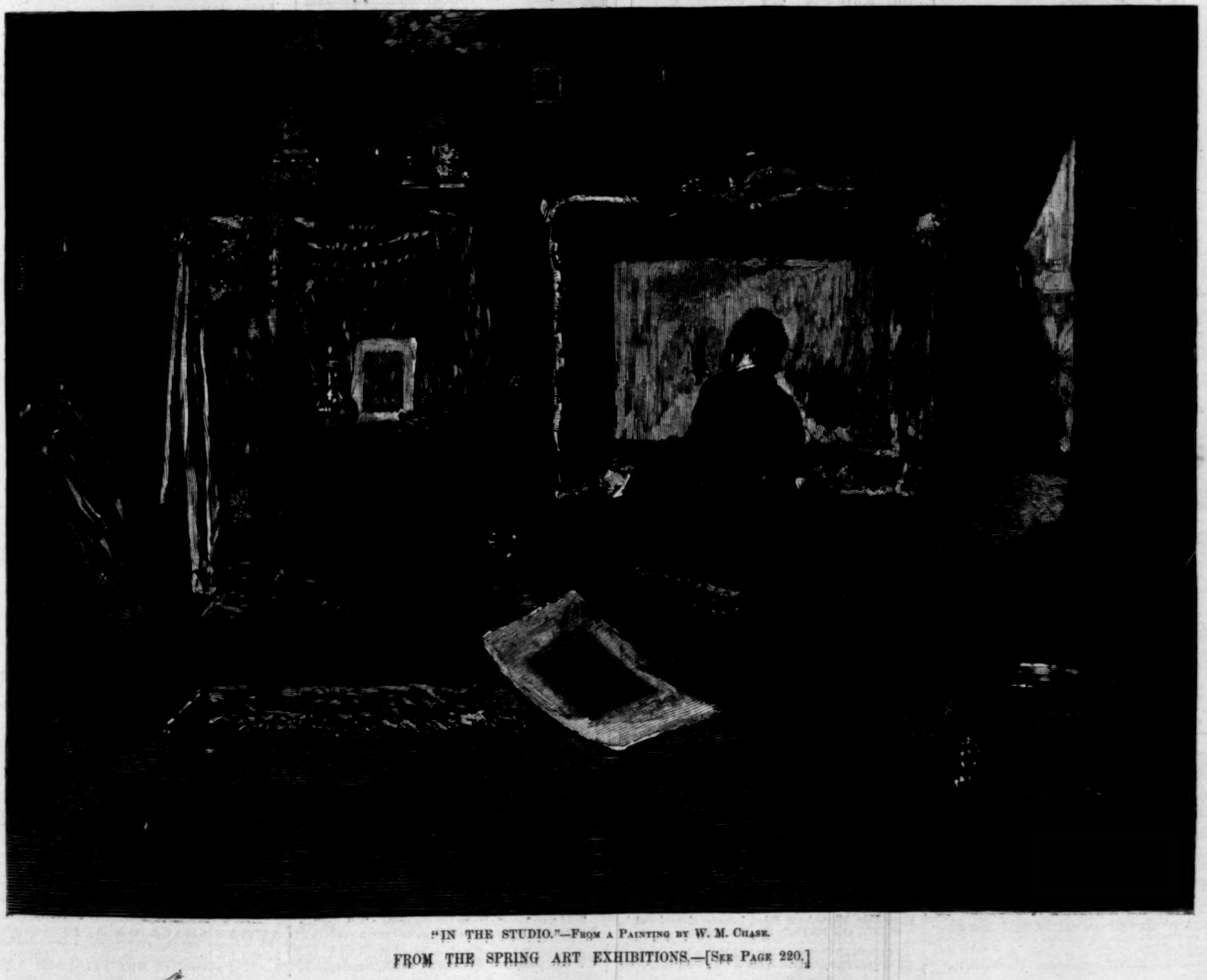
On page 221 of this issue we give an engraving of one of Mr. W. M. CHASE's pictures in the Society Exhibition, now just opening in the Kurtz Gallery, in Madison Square, and with it engravings of two very interesting busts which are to be seen among the sculpture in the Academy. Mr. CHASE's studio, in the Tenth Street Building, is one of the most remarkable *ateliers* possessed by any artist, and presents dozens of subjects even more complex and elaborate than that which the artist has chosen in the one we have engraved.



PROFESSOR S. F. MORSE.—PHOTO. BY PACH FROM THE BUST BY LAUNT THOMPSON.



THE REV. THEODORE WOOLSEY, D.D.—PHOTO. BY PACH FROM THE BUST BY JOHN F. WEIR.



"IN THE STUDIO."—FROM A PAINTING BY W. M. CHASE.

FROM THE SPRING ART EXHIBITIONS.—[SEE PAGE 220.]

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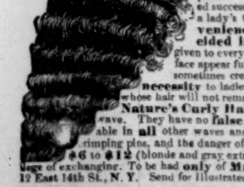

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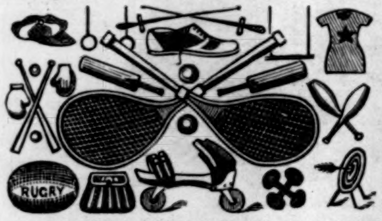

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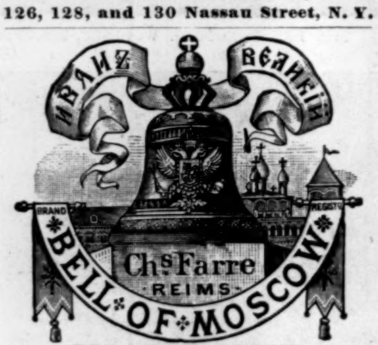

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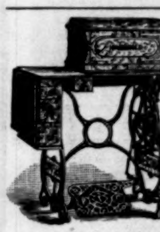

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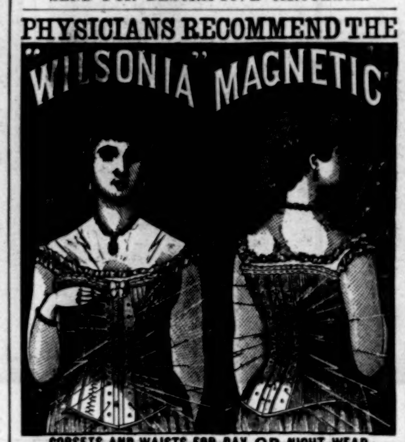

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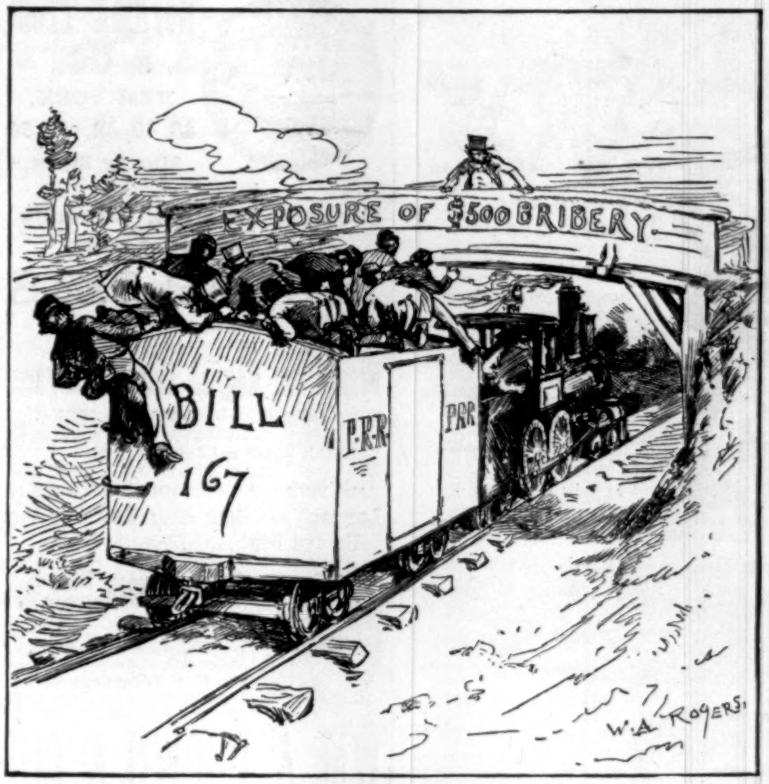

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